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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

AUSTRIA.

THE star of the Hapsburg dynasty is once more in the ascendant. Sadowa was not to Austria what Jena was to Prussia. That fatal battle which annihilated a magnificent army was succeeded by no further reverses, by no capitulations like Anklam and Prenzlau, by no surrenders of fortresses like those of Magdeburg, Stettin, and Custrin. Yet as Prussia laid the foundations for a new future in her adversity, so Austria emerged from that fiery baptism to a second youth and a more vigorous life. The experiences of misfortune nerve the will, enlarge the mental vision, and render the prosperity which follows all the more certain and enduring. That which has been achieved already is not alone the condition but the guarantee of still greater and more important successes. Von Beust has done for Austria what Von Stein did in his day for Prussia.

After many unavailing efforts Austria has at last one of the most liberal constitutions on the continent of Europe. The spectacle which this ultra-conservative empire presents to us at this moment is certainly one which few could have expected to see under the sceptre of a Hapsburg. We behold there a cabinet in which the liberal element largely predominates; ministers of the crown not only swearing to uphold the constitution, but attaching conditions to the acceptance of office which would have been considered treason in former times; an administration responsible not only in name but in fact; freedom of speech and of press; a foreign programme fully in keeping with the domestic; a sovereign attaching the greatest importance to the friendship of Victor Emanuel, and so determined not to interfere with Italian affairs that he prohibits even the enlistment of recruits for the Papal army; a government pledged to a course calculated to promote the most cordial relations with Prussia; an Eastern policy designed to advance the interests of Germany; in brief, peace and liberty, a restored finance, and growing material prosperity at home, with truly enlightened and moderate views abroad.

Such is a brief outline of the marvellous changes effected by the statesman whom Francis Joseph summoned not quite two years ago to his councils and entrusted with the direction of public affairs. The Emperor's choice, it will perhaps still be remembered, gave rise to much comment, and many were the evil auguries at first drawn from it. Von Beust was a Protestant, a non-Austrian, lacked the prestige of success, and bore the reputation of being a reactionist in politics. He entered on the legacy bequeathed to him by his unlucky predecessors in office only *cum beneficio inventarii*, and could not fail to perceive that a beaten and demoralized army, a discontented people, a bankrupt exchequer, and a deep mistrust of the future, went far to justify the opinion which prevailed in many quarters that the days of the ancient monarchy were numbered. But he never faltered or despaired. He had implicit faith in the Emperor's integrity of purpose, and believed firmly in the recuperative powers of a country so singularly favored by nature that all the misgovernment and blunders of the past have never been able to injure it permanently. Still, it will be confessed that the work before him presented difficulties which seemed almost past remedy, and not the least among them was the antagonism of race which threatened the polyglot empire with disruption, for the means to keep it together by force had been lost on the fields of Solferino and Königgrätz. Let the new policy be ever so wise and just, the Slave, the Servian, and the Czech would be sure to oppose what they thought acceptable to the Magyar and the German. A measure whose intrinsic merits recommended it to one portion of the people, was almost certain to be rejected by the other. No national programme satisfactory to the Panslavic element in the population seemed feasible.

The new minister undertook to cure these evils by

governing the state in strict accordance with the spirit and the demands of the modern era. It was the sole available resource—the only possible way he saw out of the labyrinth, and the result has fully vindicated this view. The instant it became evident that Austria had really broken with the old absolutistic traditions and embarked on a new course her prospects began to brighten. This was especially seen in the almost immediate relief which she experienced from two most serious causes of anxiety—the financial depression and the Panslavic agitation. Parliamentary government, which enjoys deservedly the reputation that it manages prudently a country's resources, that watches closely over the expenditure and saves where it can, speedily restored confidence in Austria's ability to meet her obligations. The public credit, which had been completely prostrated, improved at home and abroad, and as the finances of a nation enter nowadays largely into the question of political power, Austria gradually regained her former status in Europe. On the other hand, the liberal policy adopted by the minister very effectually counteracted the intrigues of Russia. Constitutional government begets that higher national consciousness which is the best antidote against all abstract ideas like the Panslavic. As long as the absolutistic principle obtained in the administration, the sympathies of the Austrian Slaves with Prussia had full play. Other things being equal, there was no equipoise to the consanguinity of race, for it seemed simply a choice between two despots. But from the hour that freedom and representative institutions entered the lists, the victory was sure to incline to the side which proclaimed the dignity of man and the supremacy of the law. Panslavism could, therefore, hardly have selected a more unfavorable period to make propaganda in Austria than the present. It possesses no moral power within itself. It cannot get over the fatal fact that the Russ and the Czar do not even understand each other's language, and that their relationship is therefore practically a barren one. Russia soon began to discover that she was losing ground. *The Werken Gazette*, and other organs of the so-called national party, openly manifested their rage and disappointment. They had been making converts by holding Austria up as the oppressor of her Slavic populations, and there was formerly no doubt a certain color of truth in the charge. But since the Slaves in both halves of the empire have been admitted to all the privileges which Francis Joseph has conceded to his Hungarian and German subjects, this argument has lost its plausibility. The Slaves are far too sensible to desire hereafter a change of masters. They will rather live in fraternal union with stranger races and partake of the common political and civil liberties than join their brethren who remain subjected to an iron despotism that tolerates no independence in act or thought.

The history of the last years might read differently had Austria sooner adopted liberal institutions and popular government. They may not be an unsafing safeguard against misfortune or a specific against military reverses. Ancient Poland, almost a republic, though an aristocratic one, and the Spanish Cortes constitution of 1812, have sufficiently refuted that idea. But had Austria been governed in 1866 as she is now, the Prussian needle-gun would hardly have taken her at such immense disadvantage in Bohemia. The safest guardians of a state are a responsible ministry and a popular legislature.

THE SETTING SUN.

FOR the first time in the national history it seems probable that a President of the United States will be deposed from his high office. It is so plain as to require no argument to prove it, that the people are so little affected by this prospect as to regard it almost with indifference. This is not an effect without a cause. More strictly, the cause is two-fold, and lies, first, in the degradation of the presidential office from within, and, second, in its degradation from without. By degrees it has become less and less dignified, both in its incumbents and their surroundings, until at length familiarity has bred contempt, and the attempt of the legislature to despoil the executive of its legitimate co-ordinate functions and powers is gazed upon with equanimity by a people whose freedom the constitutional balance was designed to protect. The slow but

sure decadence in the quality of our American Presidents is notorious to the world. We speak not of moral attributes, because these are in some measure accidental; that is, the machinery by which we elect Chief Magistrates is mainly directed by political considerations, and the intrinsic moral qualities of a successful candidate are thus in a measure an affair of luck, shining forth like those of Abraham Lincoln after, rather than before, his elevation. Even then, under our system, opinions differ hotly as to the qualities themselves; so that to this day the true characters of such men as Jefferson, Jackson, Buchanan, and Lincoln himself are the subjects of animated dispute. But of the intellectual and aesthetic grade and culture of our Presidents there is less doubt. Beyond question they have been less and less gentlemen, less and less scholars, less and less fit in the broad sum and scope of their abilities and attainments to stand at the head of a great nation. We know that "a man's a man for a' that," and all the rest of it. We have been abundantly satisfied with the everlasting cant about the noble blacksmith and the virtuous wood-sawyer. But after all we must hold, and we believe that every one with an average thinking apparatus must, on reflection admit, that the theory or practice of placing at the head of the state the man who is most like, and so is typical of, the greatest number of coarse and untutored intelligences in the state, is a stupendous blunder and one that will inevitably lead to calamity.

The President whom Congress now threatens to depose seems in some respects to have been shaped with direct reference to that gradual scheme or pre-ordained necessity of presidential decadence to which we refer. A man coming directly from the very lowest ranks of the people, of an original calling which provokes ridicule and contempt more than any other, a man of somewhat coarse texture and few super-refined instincts, a hater of the spirit of caste and a leveler to the very core—one would have supposed Andrew Johnson the very man for his epoch, would have believed him hewn out to be the very idol of such leaders as Mr. Greeley and his devoted following of half-educated enthusiasts. Nor is there the least doubt that the President, had he chosen to act out the rôle he began as governor of Tennessee, might still have preserved the confidence of the powerful faction who made him what he is. But Mr. Johnson reflected long and deeply—we trust there is no treason in recording a conviction that he did so—and arrived at the conclusion that what in ordinary political slang is called the Radical programme could not be carried out consistently with the Constitution he had sworn to uphold and defend. This was a conclusion to which any thinker of the most spotless morals and of the purest patriotism might fairly have arrived. But the zealots who copy the middle ages in holding that difference of opinion necessarily implies criminality, cursed and reviled the President they had made to the last degree when they found him pausing and venturing to think for himself. They determined upon his ruin and there is every prospect that they will accomplish it. That in so doing they will accomplish their own is also probable. Yet, as no such consideration ever yet deterred men in similar situations from carrying out their purposes, it is unlikely to be operative now. Such ruin as deposition involves will, we suppose, be inflicted and endured; yet, so far as the sober second thought of the nation and of mankind, and so far as the calm review of history are concerned, we doubt whether, assuming the success of the Impeachment, any act in Andrew Johnson's political career ever so became him as will his leaving of it.

The President has been in some respects a rash man, in some respects an unfortunate one. It has been his bitter portion to be savagely abused, first by former foes and now by former friends, for imputed habits of intemperance. The vice is in itself so far relative that the common sense of mankind has generally agreed in treating it with reserve and qualification. We believe that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and Mr. Horace Greeley are "temperance men," but so were not Mr. William Pitt and Mr. Daniel Webster. We did not hesitate to speak very sharply of Mr. Johnson's conduct when, as we thought, his course was discreditable to the nation; yet we do not think this fact debars us from the privilege of condemning one of Mr. Johnson's most prominent enemies, who

swores the President was strictly temperate when they were in political accord, damned him for an incorrigible drunkard when they disagreed, and meanwhile spent most of his own nights in faro hells playing desperately against the bank. Two wrongs do not make a right, yet it is only fair to remember these things and to consider how very apt is abuse to be measured by the magnitude of the object assailed. Tall towers cast long shadows, and the weaknesses of the obscure pass unseen. We maintain, too, that it is only common honesty to remember that when Andrew Johnson was battling desperately for the Union in Tennessee—at a time when no whisper of compromise or of anything else but fighting to the last was ever heard to pass his lips—those who are now most bitter against him, Mr. Horace Greeley being conspicuous among the number, were urging the cessation of the contest, and demanding that our wayward sisters should be permitted to depart in peace. In looking back at the past we see a fidelity that was proof against dangers and temptations in the most hazardous of times; ought this to be forgotten in the hour of security, when it is accused of having broken down?

It is right that those who cherish resentment against the President upon the ground that his personal habits or peculiarities have reflected discredit upon the nation, and who therefore allow themselves to be prejudiced in the impeachment question before entering upon its intrinsic merits, should reflect how inevitable it is that a man set in such a place should be violently traduced now by one party, now by another. No man ever lived who was more bitterly abused than Abraham Lincoln. A very large proportion of the nation united in calling him hard names, in ridiculing his person, in satirizing his manners, in setting forth in every conceivable manner his preposterous unfitness for the office to which he had been chosen. So persistent was this detraction that its echoes, nay, even its phrases, crossed the Atlantic and returned to us in the pictures and lampoons of such journals as *Punch* and *The London Standard*, which, after a time, made most Americans that saw them grow hot and cold with rage. What made the matter worse was that there was a substratum of truth in these things. There was much in Mr. Lincoln's manners and antecedents which unfitted him for the Presidential chair. That he developed ability, even greatness, enough in his office to render such deficiencies comparatively unimportant, was the good fortune of the American people, but was certainly not due to their original discrimination. Mr. Lincoln's shocking and untimely death silences criticism, but without doubt had he lived he would have been subjected to abundance of it, and our conviction is that its bitterest elements would have been occasioned by just such opposition to extreme Radicalism as has apparently wrought the overthrow of his successor. We should remember that Mr. Lincoln enjoyed privileges and stretched constitutional prerogative to a point far beyond what had ever been contemplated by or for any American President, and that whatever he attempted was carried into effect; but that Mr. Johnson has been curtailed of privileges and shorn of prerogative to an extent equally unprecedented, and that even what he has attempted to do that was never denied to a predecessor has been thwarted, since Mr. Stanton still holds the War Office. No President before the present one ever had his right to dismiss his ministers for an instant questioned; and were the old Constitution still our guide those who have resisted the installation of General Thomas and who have aided and abetted his opponent, and not Mr. Johnson, would be the proper subjects of impeachment.

Candid and upright men no longer deny the possibility of thinkers equally conscientious firmly believing in exactly opposing views of political as well as religious questions. Women—if the ladies will pardon us—and imperfectly educated people are apt to deny this postulate, but the fact does not weaken its force. There are numbers of excellent, high-minded, and patriotic citizens—like those of the Union League, for example—who believe the Tenure-of-office bill to be as binding as any portion of the Constitution, yet if the President be deposed for its violation and a subsequent decision of the Supreme Court should declare it invalid, the dilemma would constitute a serious ad-

monition as to the importance of seasonably looking at both sides. But practically Mr. Johnson is impeached not so much for attempting to violate the Tenure-of-office bill as for disagreeing with the dominant Congressional majority; and those who rejoice in impeachment now, forget that the precedent may be employed, under changed conditions, to the disadvantage of their own party hereafter. The Rev. Dr. Thompson, as the spokesman of the Union League Club, said, at their last meeting in New York, while eulogizing the impeachment movement and auguring its happy results: "I seem to see the historian of the future calmly judging the events of this hour. . . . I see him write the history of a Senate transmuted into a Court, and thereby sublimated above the arena of party strife into the serene atmosphere of justice, and there administering the law upon the Executive head of the nation, that the Constitution might stand supreme." So far as the main idea of the reverend gentleman's somewhat rhetorical sketch is an aspiration for justice, we may all cordially subscribe to it; but the party in power will be very unwise to forget that they are handling a two-edged sword, and one which, in proportion to its efficacy for their own purposes now, is tolerably certain hereafter to be employed against themselves. No President, with even the color of legality, could ever heretofore have been impeached for what Mr. Johnson is impeached for now; and nothing will be easier in the future than for a hostile House of Representatives to pass such acts as will entrap or exasperate an Executive into traversing them. If the general principle is to be admitted that the good of the people must give way to the interests of a party we must not be surprised in the sequel if, like other good rules, it is made to work both ways.

THE RISING SUN.

PLATO tells us that the proper person to be entrusted with power is the person most unwilling to accept it. It is to their appreciation of the force of this ancient aphorism, no doubt, that the charming coyness of most of our Presidential candidates is due. Some, indeed, carry this spirit of self-abnegation so far as to proclaim from the house-tops that they really do not want to be President, before anybody has even dreamed of proposing to run them. The delicate and blushing Wade is, however, not of this category, since, Presentially speaking, he seems fated to be dropped on fortune's hill without being put to the least trouble in climbing it. Meanwhile the delicate and blushing Wade is not a bit afraid of being misunderstood. Patriotism in his lofty soul entirely overshadows any possible consideration of self-aggrandizement. He does not even shrink from the most outspoken discussion of the measure whose result is more important to himself than to any other individual in the country. In speaking of the impeachment of the President, Mr. Wade says, on the authority of *The Cincinnati Gazette*, "I do object, and so will the country at large, to any motions for mere delay or any pettifogging technicalities. The people are terribly in earnest in this impeachment business. They won't permit us to take any unfair advantages; but neither will they sustain us in permitting a case of such overshadowing gravity to be delayed by lawyers' tricks or mere palpable pettifogging." The delicate and blushing Wade is clearly very much opposed to any frivolous delays in the airy and ephemeral business that the Congress of the United States have taken in hand; but would it not be as well to treat them as Lady Teazle proposed to treat honor, and leave the people out of the discussion? For, after all, it sounds a little queer for the President of the Senate to declare that the people are "terribly in earnest" in a matter whose practical purport is that of making him the President of the nation; and the contingency which is to set upon his august brow the "round and front of sovereignty" is really an imminent one. Beyond question this Grandison, this Bayard, this Talleyrand, is the true heir-apparent, and the country is to be honored at home and abroad by the rule of a being who, in some respects, will shed lustre upon us unequalled before.

It becomes interesting to know in what light our rising sun regards his own coming glories, and, as he is fortunately troubled by no superfluous reticence on the subject, our curiosity is readily gratified. In the

first place, we are informed—*vide* the Platonic maxim—that he "never had the Presidential fever very bad;" that "perhaps" he'd "like to go to the White House some, but, on the whole, he believes he'd rather stay in the Senate." Nevertheless, if his kind friends will buckle fortune on his back to bear her load whether he will or no, he will of course graciously muster up patience to endure the load. Mr. Wade further allows that he's "been in Congress a long time and believes he knows what a Congressman ought to do." Including, we presume, sitting in one's shirt-sleeves and blaspheming by the hour about one's political enemies, and spouting harangues which advocate the robbery of all who happen to have any property for the emolument of the "majority" who happen to have none; and by no means omitting in any possible speech or conversation whatever will most delightfully tickle at the given moment the ears of the lowest and most prejudiced among his hearers. But Mr. Wade's loquacious humor occasionally betrays him into "looking two ways for Sunday," and, although his interlocutor, whom we have already quoted, is good enough to style him "a bluff old veteran," and to compliment his "characteristic frankness," we fail to see how these encomiums are applicable to a person who in succeeding sentences in the same conversation affirms, "I don't mean to say that I wouldn't like to be President; I would [sic] be a fool to say that;" and, "Now, I would rather stay where I am, and I don't make any secret of it." To have one's name great in mouths of wisest censure is what we have no doubt Mr. Wade would call a "big thing;" but to a nature less pachydermatous it might be just the least bit embarrassing to have the complimentary epithets applied to one deliberately falsified in the self-same paragraphs wherein they appear. Perhaps, however, the subtle and Disraeli-like mind of our next President was bent upon bewildering the inquisitive reporter who was striving to penetrate his mystery; for, says the delicate and blushing Wade soon after, "I told a man the other day, when he commenced trying to pump me about my intentions for the benefit of some New York newspaper, that I hadn't forgot the picture in the old elementary spelling-book, of the milkmaid arranging what she was to do with her chickens before they were hatched."

Those who deny that this is an age of progress surely fail to take into account the surprising exemplifications which in the quality and intellectual grade of our rulers alone we are now so lavishly furnishing to grace the pages of history and excite the admiration of mankind. We are aware that to this proposition the short-sighted may demur, but they should learn to look deeper into the millstone. When they do so they may see that the supereminent characteristic of our times is the adaptation of means to ends. At the first glance they may object to Mr. Wade's defective polish, to his lack of mere surface wisdom. But they should comprehend that this is part of the great drama itself. The delicate and blushing Wade has the supreme tact to conceal that finished breeding, that old-school courtesy, which, however natural to the man, might be misunderstood and make him enemies at the critical moment. And as to wisdom, what would you have? Does not Rochefoucauld say, "C'est une grande folie de vouloir être sage tout seul"? The starch, the frills, the diamond shoe-buckles, the grand manner, the balanced sentences, the well-weighed propositions have passed away with the Washingtons, the Hamiltons, the Marshalls, the Pinckneys, and the Clintons with whom they are associated. Times, costumes, manners, all change, but who shall say, prejudice apart, that they necessarily change for the worse? We had a Washington, we shall have—a Wade. Perhaps Wade would not appear to advantage in the dress of the *ancien régime*, and perhaps he could not compose a Farewell Address; but then Washington certainly could not sit in his shirt-sleeves and blaspheme at his enemies, nor retail cacophonic sensibilities to the correspondent of *The Cincinnati Gazette*. We doubt, too, whether Washington would have liked to go to the White House "some," or would have regretted "any" leaving the Senate. These are distinctions, truly; but the broad mantle of patriotism covers all things. If men differ, the ages differ and bring forth the fruit that suits their needs. To-day Wade is our rising sun, to-morrow perchance Greeley may be, the next day, haply, Train.

Why not? The age is one of progress, and beyond the lowest deep there is a lower still.

FAMILY CLUB HOUSES.

IN a late number of *The London Daily News* we find an account of an enterprise that we should be glad to see imitated in this country. The problem of providing cheap and comfortable homes for that large and, thanks to the spread of education and refinement, constantly increasing class whose respectability exceeds their wealth is quite as perplexing in New York as in London, and for much the same reason. Space in a cramped and crowded city like ours is entirely too valuable to permit the erection of small dwelling-houses, such as abound in Philadelphia, except in the remote suburbs, where, in the absence of any swift and commodious means of transit, one is as far from most of the conveniences and all the luxuries of metropolitan life as a dweller in the backwoods. To rent a whole house is utterly out of the question for most families of average means; to rent part of a house would be looked upon with horror by all families of average respectability. Fashion leaves no medium between the extravagant superfluity of a dwelling three or four times too large and the equally extravagant scantiness and gorgeous discomfort of rooms in hotels or boarding-houses as much too small. The French plan of living on flats—the only sensible plan in a large city—not the least of whose merits is that it does away with the tiresome, interminable stairways that are apt to lead, like Jacob ladders, only prematurely, to heaven, we regard with aristocratic scorn. Yet the precise distinction which makes it stylish to live uncomfortably in a single room or a boarding-house, and unendurable to live comfortably in furnished apartments, we have never been able to discern. It is plain that any plan of living which our pride will suffer us to embrace must disguise in some way or other this horrid reality of furnished rooms, must combine the exclusiveness and roominess of a dwelling-house with the economy of a boarding-house and the splendor of a hotel. Such an escape for our republican sensitiveness is afforded by the new enterprise whose features *The Daily News* describes and celebrates. "All persons," it tells us, "of fashionable exterior, limited means, and indefinite pretensions, must feel an inward sense of joy and hope at the erection of the Belgrave mansions, where lodgings, at once stately and economical, are now to be obtained without the encumbrance of a landlady and the dishonor of a maid-of-all-work to answer the door to carriage visitors of an afternoon in the season. The Belgrave mansions have rendered that possible in London which has been so long common in Paris and other continental cities—that is to say, a residence in a habitable neighborhood without the encumbrance of a mansion and thirty servants. The houses in question form a stately block of buildings near the Victoria Station, and, although but just completed, all the best apartments are already let, so that we are at liberty to notice them in the mere hope that, by a wide publication of its success, the principle which has been applied to them may be still further extended. The establishment is, indeed, a large club for the use of families. It has a tall porter, a smart staff of housemaids, a French *chef*, a lift [elevator], and all the appliances of a first-class hotel, with club prices, except that the apartments are unfurnished."

There is but one drawback, in the opinion of *The News*, to this charming prospect, "which is, that the rooms are not to be let for short terms. A tenant must either sign an agreement for three years or pay an advance of ten per cent. on his rental for a shorter period. No tenant can be received at all for less than one year. The proprietors urge that if they were to let for three months the place would become a mere hotel; and that as such it would not pay the dividend expected by the shareholders." But this seems to us a minor hardship and one that could be altogether alleviated by an express permission to sublease. The objection which strikes us is one that would not be felt in London, where "club prices" really means a discount on ordinary ones. Here, however, where we have as yet succeeded in introducing only the luxury of the club system without its cheapness, "club prices" would be no great recommendation. However, it cannot be doubted that with proper management meals might be afforded even here at much less than the usual first-class hotel or restaurant prices, and in equally good style. And in other respects the plan of the Belgrave mansions strikes us as one that might be advantageously followed in New York. Such an establishment erected, for example, in the neighborhood of Central Park, on the site of the grand hotel which was projected but fell through, would, it seems

to us, be profitable to proprietors as well as comfortable to tenants. Have we no philanthropic capitalists who will be willing to incur a little risk for the sake of conferring a very positive and appreciable benefit on our hotel-ridden people?

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

II.

IT is essential to a study of the influence of the German element in this country to remark the features we have already outlined in the culture, education, and general temperament of this race whose six millions are forming such a substantial portion of our nation; and the prospect of a nationalized Germany in America raises the question of their general refinement. Our own observation on the conventional man and woman of Europe leads to the conviction that, acquaintance once formed and confidence secured, no other people exhibits the full refinement, the open and generous friendship, the ready sympathy to be found among the English. Many a discerning German is willing to concede to them these qualities, yet his definition of the English character is significantly given in the term *Außerlichkeit* (externality). He admits that English elegance of form, graced by suavity of manner, rounded beauty of language, great dignity of speech, and studied circumlocution in the use of fine terms, present us the most finished model of humanity found in Europe; yet to him the ideal is altogether an external one, in which an inner and higher refinement is wanting. And a careful comparison of the English and German standards of culture, intellectual as well as emotional, will lead, we think, to a favorable judgement of the German's notion of *Außerlichkeit* in English refinement. In family life we have a rare picture of domestic beauty presented to us; indeed, such as can scarcely be found elsewhere. Their perfect ingenuousness toward children exhibits human love and affection in their tenderest forms, and, like social life in general, the family circle seems as if it were studied and almost dramatic. In this representation, it is true, we are apt to mistake expression for depth and extent of feeling, or words for the realization of words, because outward expression in Germany—or, as the English would say, sentimentality—is the characteristic of the nation. As actors in every-day life and intercourse, they have all the warmth and vivacity of the Romanic races; beneath these attributes, however, lies a stern energy, a rugged nature, and, at times, a stubborn will. All these components of a masculine as well as feminine nature, evinced in the light and grave shades of colloquy heard in a German group, give it a tone that is unique and strictly national. The pleasure-gounds of Zurich and Dresden, where the Swiss and German characters present themselves in their most interesting phases, afford charming contrasts of youth and age in the pastimes of these kindred people.

Childhood here retains so much of true nature, unfeigned affection, airy cheerfulness, and naïve expression that the German artist becomes the most successful portrayer in *genre* subjects wherein childhood is personated. To us Americans this feature of restraining childhood within its own limits offers some singular attractions, for, among the perversions of education, it seems to be a constant aim to train children as soon as possible out of childhood, instead of retaining them in it. In America, where precocity is deemed a merit, and our steps toward the future are rapid, it is required that we begin early to form the coming man and woman. To accomplish this neither is allowed to remain long in that charming dalliance which constitutes the sweetest recollection of life. No such Peter Parleyism is in vogue in the Fatherland, and those massive intellectual oaks that attain such huge and vigorous growth are never fostered by a hot-bed culture, or brought by any premature process into their noble proportions. The Romanic style and temperament, again, which tinge the German woman, impart an expression and animation to her conversation that strikes the American with his matter-of-fact habits as the language of the stage. Much of her conversation is emotional, and she aims at representing everything from the stand-point of emotion. This proneness to define self withdraws her from externality and materialism, and accustoms her to dwell within a world of sensitiveness (*Empfindlichkeit*). With all these circumstances of early culture, and versed in the study of the great master-minds of the European continent, the German, on his arrival among us, regards the whole tendency of American life, education, and manners as materialistic. Wealth is the absorbing idea, leisure is limited, pastimes are few, and the test of everything is its practical will. The brain becomes indurated with mercantile thought, and the

imagination meets with little indulgence. The term *Bildung*, invented by the Germans and appropriated to themselves, is expressive of that which is peculiar to their own grade of culture and refinement. As both the English and French have words which are but interpretative of the national temperament and character, and admit of no equivalent in any other language, so the expression *Bildung* is essentially German, and refers to that which is peculiarly German origin. It implies a brain culture of ample development, restrained and toned down by the depth and earnestness of heart so strikingly shown by the Teutons. Pictorial and sculptured art in all its power, music in all its compass, are studied and kept alive with a fervor that to us seems exaggerated. The octogenarian Goethe, with his wide range of thought, and Schiller, more accessible to woman because of his depth of heart, are masterpieces of *Bildung*, and we think a well-digested and unremitting study of the *Dioscuri* would eminently prepare the mind for that mental condition which the word so significantly designates.

In the history of German literature we find the most striking epochs those in which Switzerland was repaired to as the source of its imaginative wealth. The influence of the Swiss element on German literature furnishes an illustration of the truth that every nation derives its sustenance and replenishes its vigor by some new supply from a contemporaneous race; and as the Germans during the long space of a thousand years took periodical flights to the deep recesses and snow-capped mountains of the hardy Swiss for intellectual food, so we may infer by analogy that a vast people blending with our own will add greatly to its physical nerve and mental vigor. We have already referred to the bearing of our German population upon our agricultural and industrial interests—the sturdy, thrifty German farmer conquering the soil wherever he goes, and already forming the mainstay of our productive force; while the German artisan is bringing among us art as a hand-maid of the various branches of mechanical device. But a more enigmatical enquiry remains in the degree to which the intellectual and social German element is likely to impart a tone to American thought and modes of life. If it be asked from whom we derive our whole social code and form of civilization, our style of living and habits of thought, the reply is, inevitably, from the English. Our English education, founded on the history, traditions, the poetry, the fairydom of childhood, and the common tongue of a mother country, at once serves to stereotype our American nature to such a degree that no accessions from other peoples, however large, seem to produce any marked change upon us. It might be supposed that intercourse with those endowed with those attributes of the *Bildung* we have just defined would produce some visible effect on the tone of colloquy among men and women, expurgate sensualism, warm our coldness into ardor of expression, multiply the outward amenities of life, and fill what we consider our polished society with a greater fondness for abstract beauty, in exchange for our superabundance of vain glitter, luxurious tinsel, and excessive gourmanderie; that the annual spectacles of the Turnvereine and the Sängerbunde would improve the style of American recreation, and that we would feel disposed to revert to the classical times of the Olympic games in exchange for the inanities that disfigure our Fourth of July. We might suppose that those intellectual celebrations of the joyous Teutons would elevate the tone of American out-door exercises to a higher pitch, and that America would anon become partially Germanized. Up to this time, however, we see no indications of such a tendency. On the contrary, the German is sooner or later subdued by that which he feels to be the materialism of America. When he first enters upon the great Eldorado he has come in quest of, he is struck with that great exhibition, the chase after wealth. He admires our freedom, and yet deplores our deficiency in *Bildung*. He joins hand in our untrammeled enjoyments and breathes the air of our mildly curbed liberty, and yet sighs for the municipal order he left at home. He would have that beautiful system of social life, that model family picture, those intellectual indulgences, those Hellenic games, those art enjoyments, that every-day musical existence, that heart language and ingenuous intercourse, that abstract knowledge that dives into the depths of science and produces Schillerian poetry, all reappear in this land of his adoption, and yet revel in its political liberty. In musical study, it is true, we imbibe the thoughts and live the emotional life of those peoples who have taught us this great art. We have no respectable indigenous music, and we are, therefore, deeply indebted to our

German and Italian preceptors. What we owe in literature and the poetry of our childhood to England we owe in music to Germany and Italy. But as the only true and profound music is that which comes to us from the great German masters, from those who in the art of tone have become immortal, the German element we are discussing is, in this relation, most visible and abundant. Few Americans are aware of their close affinity with the German in regard to music; how they live and move and participate a common feeling with him in their musical studies and in their admiration of all that has been produced by the German in the department of lyrical invention and tone language.

The engraving of this immense foreign population upon our own will nowhere show more unequivocal results than in the formation of race. Here we have the Scandinavian, German, Anglo-Saxon, Romanic, Celtic, and even African form and temperament mingling into one nation and scattered over a domain wherein nature sets no bounds to her prodigality. The mingling of such various bloods has given our people every possible variety of shade of character and disposition, and no contemporary nation presents such contrasts of physiognomy, warm and cold impulses, diversity of pursuits and general versatility. Under these various influences, a distinct type cannot appear before the lapse of a long period, for the transmutation of race is a continued process, and the new elements of blood and organic form are constantly supplied from their original sources. This very process, however, will be the means of sustaining the vigor of the American people, and prevent the stock springing from such noble elements from falling into decay. We must regard the crossing of races and the warmth joined to the cold attributes of distant families as the great principle of our future preservation. By it very possibly Italy, the garden of Europe, could even now be resuscitated by the help of a moderate Scandinavian and German element; for she possesses men of the noblest type, who have lost their ancient Roman impulses and become enervated from autogenous causes. A feeble government and an effete social system would soon give place to vigorous institutions, by implanting new scions on the ancient stock of stern warriors and polished writers. England may, sooner or later, decline from similar causes, and our Southern states will be rescued from the fate which is inevitable to an autogenous race only through speedy colonization by a large Northern and foreign population spread over their broad and fertile lands.

THE RISE IN COTTON.

IT is a common saying in commercial circles in this country that almost all men who make the cotton trade their chief pursuit become bankrupts at least once in every ten years, and although the assertion is by no means wholly true, yet we must admit that there are sufficient grounds for a partial belief in it; for there are occasionally years of dire disaster to almost all classes of people who deal with the article, whether it be the planter who raises it, the factor who sells it, the speculator who invests in it, the banker who supplies the means to export it, or the spinner who makes it into cloth. Such a year was 1867, during which time cotton wrought as much ruin financially as a pestilence or a war might have done physically. From Bombay to Liverpool, from Manchester to New York, from Lowell to New Orleans, the paths of commerce were strewn with its victims, and the survivors of the crash all over the business world are now but slowly recovering from their fright and congratulating themselves upon their escape. But notwithstanding the fact that cotton is of all articles of commerce that which is most easily affected by political or monetary vicissitudes, we are disposed to maintain that the business of speculation in cotton is a pursuit far more legitimate than that of buying and selling gold or hazarding one's fortune upon the stock exchange, and that the sneers which are sometimes levelled by over-cautious business men, whose judgement is too weak or whose education is too limited to warrant their adventuring in any but the shallowest waters, against a large class of highly respectable merchants are no more justifiable than they would be were the mantle of doubtful credit placed upon the shoulders of speculators in pork or petroleum, shoddy or corn.

The value of cotton, like wheat or any other article of universal utility, is governed by the inexorable laws of supply and demand. If the spindles of the world have much more cotton offered to them in any year than they can profitably spin, the price of the article will decline in just such ratio as the supply exceeds the demand. This was the case in 1867, when Manchester punished the cotton planters, speculators, and factors of the world so severely for their folly in sending her too much cotton, herself sharing in the lamentable consequences; but it is not so this year, as the recent rapid advance in the article has so thoroughly demonstrated. What that advance has been it is now our purpose to explain, and, with the aid of a considerable array of figures, to point out some of the causes which led to it.

It is but little more than four months ago (see *The Round Table*, No. 145, page 188) that we endeavored to account for the great decline in cotton which had then taken place, and at the close of the article we said: "We are persuaded that the favorable weather of late for picking and saving the crop will enable the planters to send such heavy supplies into the ports in November and December that no considerable increase of price in New York or Manchester can speedily be hoped for, and no large advance either here or there until prices reach a lower level still in this country, as they will probably do, and the export to England from other countries be consequently diminished, or until the general trade of the world revives and consumption of manufactured goods becomes much greater than at present."

The price of middling upland cotton in New York on 1st November, 1867, was nineteen cents per pound, and the gold premium was then 40% per cent. The same standard quality of cotton was quoted in Liverpool on that day at 83d. per pound. The following table will show how large a decline ensued in this country and in England:

PRICES OF MIDDLE UPPLAND COTTON IN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL FROM NOV. 1, 1867, TO JAN. 3, 1868:

			Liverpool.
1867.			
Nov. 1, 19 cents.	Premium on gold, 40% per cent.		83d.
5. 18½ "	" " 40 "		83d.
8. 19 "	" " 39½ "		83d.
12. 18½ "	" " 35½ "		83d.
14. 18½ "	" " 40% "		83d.
16. 17½ "	" " 40 "		83d.
20. 18 "	" " 39½ "		83d.
23. 17½ "	" " 39½ "		83d.
27. 16½ "	" " 39½ "		7½
29. 16½ "	" " 39 "		7½
Dec. 3. 15½ "	" " 37 "		7½
6. 17½ "	" " 37½ "		7½
10. 16½ "	" " 36 "		7½
12. 15½ "	" " 34½ "		7½
16. 15½ "	" " 34½ "		7½
21. 15½ "	" " 33½ "		7½
26. 15½ "	" " 33½ "		7½
30. 15½ "	" " 33½ "		7½
1868.			
Jan. 3. 16% "	" " 33½ "		7½

The above table establishes the correctness of our remarks in the article alluded to foreshadowing a still greater decline, and we hope presently to show that our opinions about early and heavy receipts of the crop of 1867, and lessening imports into England, were also borne out by subsequent events.

The lowest prices of the year were reached on Christmas eve, viz., 15½ cents per pound, currency, in New York, 7½ d. on the spot in Liverpool, and 7½ d. for middling uplands at sea, for future delivery. The cotton statistical year begins, as our readers are aware, on the first day of each September. On September 1, 1867, the stock of cotton in Liverpool was 793,560 bales of all kinds, and the quantity afloat for Great Britain from all quarters was 470,230 bales, of which 13,230 bales only were American; in all 1,263,793 bales in sight. The price of middling upland was then 10½ d. On the 1st of November last, when the above table begins, the total stock in Liverpool was 627,550 bales of all kinds, and the quantity afloat for Great Britain was 226,000 bales, of which but 3,000 bales were American; in all 853,000 bales in sight, a total decrease of 410,793 bales in two months. On the 30th of December last the stock in Liverpool was but 447,460 bales of all kinds (of which 103,420 bales were American and 224,200 bales were East India cotton), and the total supply then afloat for Great Britain was estimated at 194,200 bales, making in all 643,000 bales in sight, a reduction in the stock on the spot and afloat of more than 620,000 bales in four months. The price had fallen from 10½ d. on September 1 to 8½ d. on November 1, and 7½ d. on January 1, 1868. This shows not only that consumption had been heavy, but that the English spinners relied confidently upon a heavy import from India and a very large crop in this country; indeed, it was asserted by a very intelligent writer who occasionally contributes cotton statistics to *The Manchester Guardian*, and who published a highly interesting article in that journal on the 20th of November last, that the crop of the United States for 1867-68 would not probably be less than 3,000,000 bales, and that the supply which England might expect from India would be about 1,600,000 bales, notwithstanding Surat had then fallen to 6½ d. for fair Dholerah, and notwithstanding the exports from India to Great Britain under the stimulus of high prices were but 1,095,744 bales in the year 1865, at an average price of 14½ d.; 1,544,675 bales in the year 1866, at an average price of 12d.; and 1,263,966 bales in the year 1867, at an average price of 8½ d. The same writer showed conclusively by his tables—to his own satisfaction, at least—that the world would have an over-supply of cotton for the year 1867-68 of about 1,200,000 bales, and at the close of an elaborate article he says "that, so long as we can give 6d. per pound for cotton equal to middling New Orleans we shall have unlimited supplies and, as a natural consequence, increased employment for our cotton operatives, while if cotton goes to a lower price our manufacturers are apt to find their way still further into the inner regions of India and China and increase the demand upon our spinning and weaving power."

All this, no doubt, was highly agreeable to the cotton lords of Manchester, but it must have caused a terrible disappointment to all who believed it, and believe it the bulk of the spinners certainly did. No representations from this country had much weight with them; they could not be made to understand how greatly the cotton states of the

South were impoverished; how demoralized the labor system had become, how bankrupt our planters were in pocket and in hope. Indeed they never did believe in the good faith and sound judgement of more than a few of our American cotton authorities; and when they were told that the crop in this country was two or three weeks later than usual, that the worm and caterpillar had done much harm, that large cotton districts had been inundated, that heavy rains had injured the prospects of the crop, that planters' needs were so great they would necessarily have to realize on their cotton as rapidly as they could get it to market, and that heavy receipts would consequently come forward earlier than usual; that the yield of the entire country could not probably be more than 2,500,000 bales, and might be far less—no information of this sort could or would be believed, except by the judicious few, and yet it was strictly true, and so they drifted on in the steadfast belief that they could force this country to give them at their own valuation all the American cotton which they might need.

The commencement of the present cotton year found the ports of the United States with a lighter stock than has been known for ten years past; the interior markets had been swept, there were only 80,296 bales at all the ports, and probably not over 100,000 bales out of spinners' hands in the entire country, against a stock of 286,455 bales at the ports at the same time in 1866.

We now invite the reader's attention to the following table, showing the receipts of cotton at the ports of the United States, namely: Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Florida ports, Savannah, Charleston, and New York, including receipts by rail to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston, for the years 1866-67 and 1867-68, commencing on the 1st day of September and ending on the 13th day of March. (NOTE.—The figures for 1866-67 are taken from Messrs. William P. Wright & Co.'s circulars, and are compiled from mail advices; those of 1867-68 are taken from Messrs. Easton & Co.'s circulars, and are the telegraphic advices up to the dates mentioned. In order to make the weekly comparison intelligible, it is necessary to take the estimates of 1866-67 for about two weeks later than the dates of 1867-68 in each instance.)

The figures represent thousands of bales:

	WRIGHT & CO.	EASTON & CO.
1866. Sept. 12, 6 "	6	6
" 19, 6 "	19, 6	12, 6
" 26, 6 "	26, 6	19, 8
Oct. 3, 8 "	8	13
" 10, 10 "	10, 10	13, 13
" 17, 16 "	17, 16	17, 17
" 24, 27 "	24, 27	24, 34
" 31, 41 "	31, 41	31, 45
Nov. 7, 51 "	51	51
" 14, 52 "	52	59
" 21, 58 "	58	78
" 28, 68 "	68	85
Dec. 5, 72 "	72	72
" 12, 72 "	72	85
" 19, 76 "	76	89
" 26, 80 "	80	105
1867. Jan. 2, 83 "	83	95
" 9, 78 "	78	100
" 16, 65 "	65	79
" 23, 65 "	65	77
" 30, 68 "	68	83
Feb. 6, 84 "	84	90
" 13, 82 "	82	94
" 20, 86 "	86	90
" 27, 76 "	76	91
March 6, 75 "	75	91
" 13, 60 "	60	100
" 20, 58 "	58	100
" 27, 44 "	44	100
	1,572,000 bales.	1,761,000 bales.

Resumé :

Sept., 1866. 36,000	1867. 32,000
Oct., " 180,000	" 152,000
Nov., " 270,000	" 283,000
Dec., " 317,000	" 365,000
Jan. 7, 1867. 364,000	1868. 422,000
Feb., " 279,000	" 365,000
Mar. 13, " 102,000	Mar. 13. " 142,000
	1,572,000
	1,761,000

From this it appears that out of the crop of 1866-67, which resulted in a total of 1,952,000 bales, eighty per cent., or 1,572,000 bales, were received at the ports up to 13th of March, 1867; and from that time up to the end of the statistical year, viz., 1st September, 1867, but 380,000 bales came forward, and also that, of the crop of 1867-68, there has been received, from the latter date mentioned up to the 13th inst., 1,761,000 bales.

Admitting that the crop has not been sent into the ports any faster this year than last, which we do not believe (for the reason that the receipts of November, December, and January of the present crop, considering it was late in maturing, are so much larger than they were at the like period last year), the quantity thus far received, assuming that it represents eighty per cent. of the whole yield, would indicate a total amount for the year of 2,200,000 bales; and if the crop of 1867-68 is to be as much as 2,500,000 bales, which until recently was the favorite estimate, the receipts yet to come forward for the remainder of the season should be about 740,000 bales, or 366,000 bales more than were received for the same period in 1867. This we consider impossible; and that the utmost which can reasonably be hoped for is fifty per cent. more than for the like period last year, viz., about 570,000 bales, or a total of 2,300,000 bales, which is perhaps too large an estimate.

During the whole month of December last the opinion was very general in this country that cotton was too cheap,

the planters were selling it at ruinous loss, far below the cost of production; but the sluggishness of trade, the constantly drooping rate of the gold premium, which declined from 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. during that month, and the aspect of political, financial, and mercantile affairs in Europe, prevented any movement in the article. Added to these influences, Liverpool kept constantly declining in the face of decreasing stocks, and not until the month of January was the statistical position fully recognized. During the latter part of that month prices advanced greatly, and during February still more rapidly, with how much reason let us further endeavor to show.

The stock in Liverpool on 27th February, 1867, was 570,330 bales; afloat, 288,000 bales; in all, 858,330 bales; and the price of middling uplands was then 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. On the 27th February, 1868, the stock was 291,750 bales; afloat, 227,000 bales; in all, 518,750 bales, or about 340,000 bales less than at the same time last year, and the price was 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. only, notwithstanding the fact that the exports from this country to Great Britain were 732,500 bales from September 1, 1867, to February 27, 1868, against 650,000 bales for the same time in 1867, and the exports to the Continent were 276,000 bales against 113,000 bales last year at same time. The position of cotton grew stronger every day. The stocks in the ports of this country on 13th inst. were reduced to 320,000 bales against 596,000 bales at same time in 1867, and the total exports of the crop up to that date were 1,142,000 bales, against 884,000 bales last year. The ruinously low prices here had induced large shipments on planters' account.

Thus it appears that up to the 13th inst. we had exported to Europe about 250,000 bales more than last year, and our stocks at the ports were about 275,000 bales less than they were at the same time in 1867, notwithstanding the heavy receipts of November, December, and January. In the interior towns the stocks on 29th February, 1867, were about the same as last year, viz., 91,000 bales against 85,000 bales.

The exports from Bombay to England for the early part of last year were as follows, viz.:

Jan., 1867,	59,103 bales, against 54,000 Jan., 1868.
Feb., " 113,831 "	" 76,000 Feb., "
Mar., " 126,438 "	" 31,000 1st week of March, 1868.
Apl., " 166,401	
To May 13, 1868, 123,515	

Indian exports to Europe cease almost entirely about the beginning of July, when adverse monsoons set in. The present indications are that the British supply from Bombay will not exceed that of last year. No account is taken of exports from the west coast of Hindostan, as they go mainly to China.

An additional reason for the late advance may be found in this, viz.: The total exports to England of the crop of 1866-67 were 1,216,000 bales, and thus far up to the 13th inst. we have shipped to England 843,000 bales of the present crop. To make the export equal to that of last year we must still send forward 373,000 bales. It is not probable that we can supply that quantity (already bills on England are becoming scarce in the Southern markets, and exchange has advanced in consequence), nor is it to be presumed that India will make up the deficiency unless prices still advance considerably. It is much more reasonable to suppose that Manchester will reduce her consumption. We have now only to add the following table, showing the prices of middling upland cotton in New York from 3d day of January last to the 14th inst., and the amount of the daily sales at short intervals of time:

1868.	Jan. 4. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.	Premium on gold 34 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sales 2,945 bales.
" 6. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 35	" 1,990 "
" 8. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 37	" 2,503 "
" 10. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 37 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 7,364 "
" 13. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 4,427 "
" 17. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 10,552 "
" 24. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 40	" 8,595 "
" 29. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 41	" 6,700 "
" 31. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 11,124 "
Feb. 7. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 42	" 8,736 "
" 10. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 42 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 9,475 "
" 15. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 18,016 "
" 17. 23 "	" "	" 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 15,557 "
" 18. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 41	" 13,376 "
" 19. 24 "	" "	" 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 9,217 "
" 20. 24 "	" "	" 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 12,917 "
" 24. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 43 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 4,600 "
" 27. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 41	" 2,279 "
" 28. 22 "	" "	" 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 3,247 "
" 29. 23 "	" "	" 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 13,176 "
Mar. 4. 25 "	" "	" 41	" 10,184 "
" 9. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 40	" 10,320 "
" 13. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 2,564 "
" 14. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" "	" 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	" 8,649 "

The advance in cotton in New York from Christmas day last to the 9th instant, a period of seventy-five days, was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, and in Liverpool it rose from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for uplands and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for Orleans. Cotton during this time in New York had appreciated about fifty dollars per bale. The largest day's sale ever known here was on the 15th day of February last, over 18,000 bales. The temporary decline which took place between the 20th and the 29th days of that month was caused by holders in this country and abroad selling out rapidly to realize profits.

Since the above was written, we are in possession of one week's later information, namely, to the 20th instant:

Receipts at all home ports, week ending 20th inst., 59,210 bales, against 39,000 bales for the corresponding week last year.

Total receipts to the 20th inst., 1,823,614 bales, against 1,611,000 bales last year.

Total exports to Great Britain, 887,972 bales, against 781,000 bales last year.

Total exports to the Continent, 311,610 bales, against 160,000 bales last year.

Stock at all the ports, 310,773 bales, against 586,000 bales last year.

Stock in the interior towns, 20th instant, 50,532 bales, against 91,112 bales on the 29th ult., a decrease of 41,080 bales in three weeks.

Stocks in Liverpool and at sea, 20th inst., 660,000 bales, against 984,000 bales on the 22d March, 1867, a decrease in visible supply of 324,000 bales.

Out of the stocks of 310,773 bales in the ports on the 20th inst., 120,000 bales were on shipboard, not cleared.

The statistical position of cotton strengthens every day.

In conclusion, we do not believe that cotton has by any means reached its highest price for this year. Trade has revived in England and on the Continent, and many of our own mills are running day and night at a profit far greater than when cotton was much lower than at present, and the consumption is going on at such a rate that every bale will be needed which we can part with, leaving nothing in our ports at the end of the season for stock.

It is too soon yet to conjecture what may be the possible yield of 1868, but it is reasonable to suppose that high prices will stimulate production, and that, impoverished as the planters are, means will now be found to make a crop at least as large as that of last year. The world will have all the cotton which it may need in 1869, and no doubt prices will again decline to a point as low or lower than they were last fall.

We can only regret that the advance came too late to be of much use to the class of people in this country who were most in need of the harvest which it would have brought them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TERRITORIAL DIVISION OF LABOR—THE TYNG TRIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: There have been so many really ridiculous articles in both city and country papers on the "Tyng Trial"—ridiculous because displaying so much ignorance—that it has occurred to me that a very plain statement of the only principle involved in that trial might perhaps be useful. The effort made by Mr. Tyng's friends to excite sympathy for him by suggesting that he was being made a martyr because he preached at a service of our highly respected Methodist brethren, seems to have had some effect, and that idea has been so constantly reiterated that many very intelligent persons actually believe to-day that Mr. Tyng's kind feelings toward Methodists were the cause of the trouble, and that those who oppose him are a set of exclusive bigots.

In fact, however, the question is one solely of territorial jurisdiction among Episcopalians, and would be precisely the same had Mr. Tyng preached in a private house and used the Episcopal service, worn Episcopal vestments, and had none but Episcopal hearers—so long, of course, as such acts were within the parish of another minister. So that the question of liberality toward other denominations has no connection with the case, but has simply been dragged in to influence public opinion.

The subject of organization and division of labor, by means of territorial division, may perhaps repay a moment's consideration.

All will admit that every association having an extensive work to perform requires organization; and as a necessary feature of that organization, indispensable to the carrying out of any extended operations, requires division of labor. If it be an ordinary association, whose operations are confined to a single locality or limited section of country, this division is found in the appointment of committees to take charge of the different branches of its work. Experience has shown that without this system of committees it is impossible to perform business thoroughly or promptly. If it be every member's business to perform every portion of the work, nothing practical can or will be done. Inextricable confusion follows as a matter of course, beside the additional difficulty that nothing is thoroughly accomplished, because no member feels himself specially responsible for the success of any portion of the work by that portion being particularly assigned to him.

The universal experience has become crystallized in the proverb, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." This system of division of duty is engrafted in the arrangement of every association or public body, whether legislative, ecclesiastical, financial, or literary—from a parliament or a congress to a debating society or village meeting. In a minor degree, every business man uses it in his office affairs, each clerk having his special duty to perform, and being responsible for its performance because it is allotted to him and to no one else. Thus through the whole range of human arrangement we find this system necessarily adopted in order to produce certainty and thoroughness of execution.

So far we have alluded only to associations, etc., operating in a limited territory, where one meeting place or office was the scene of business. In such cases, as we have seen, the division of labor is in relation to subjects. One committee, for instance, attends to one class of subjects, and another to another, each having of course exclusive charge of its own department.

But when we come to associations—no matter what their object or character—which are territorially extensive in their field of operations, the division of labor necessarily becomes

territorial. To accomplish their ends, the territory in which they work has to be divided among their members or agents, so that each will have his own field of action; and in order to make him responsible for the result in his particular section, the work in that section has to be exclusively his. That this plan is necessary where the sphere of action is too large to be attended to from one point, is too plain to require argument, and we find that every government, association, or even business firm operating over a wide extent, adopts this as the only course in order to produce satisfactory results.

The empire, too large to be governed in details from one centre, is divided into provinces, over each of which is placed a governor. Each governor has power within his province to the exclusion of all the other provincial governors, and, consequently, being protected from interference from without, he can be held to a strict responsibility as to all occurring within his province.

This territorial division in government has necessarily existed, and must always necessarily exist, whatever may be the age, or the nation, or the form of government.

Every great society which desires to occupy a field of labor too large to be superintended from one point is forced to follow the same course. Whatever the particular object of the society may be, if its field is large, that field must be divided among the members or agents, in order to produce efficiency of action. If the society desire to operate through an entire state, it requires an agent or a committee in each county or each town of the state; and in order to prevent clashing between these agents, and also in order to make them responsible for the success of the work in their particular portion of the field, their authority within that portion must be exclusive and not liable to be interfered with. Of course, if such agents are inefficient, they are replaced by others, but in order that the general work should be performed, it is necessary that each section should be under one responsible head, and that, so long as that head remains in his position at all, he should be protected from outside interference.

When I speak of a head or an agent, I do not, of course, mean in all cases a single man—the form of the authority depends entirely on the nature of the society and the objects to be reached; in many organizations this local head or agent is a committee, or, more often, a local society or branch of the main body—but I refer to the authority in each particular section of the field of labor, whatever that authority may be in form or name.

Take, for example of this, the Masonic Fraternity; and I select this as an illustration, because its field of action is world-wide, and also because its system of organization is so well known.

Freemasonry being an institution existing throughout the whole land, its field, of course, requires thorough territorial division in order for its administration to be efficient. The first division is by states. The masonic authority within each state (called the "Grand Lodge") is supreme within that state. Its jurisdiction is exclusive. No other power can organize a lodge within its territory or confer a masonic degree therein. But this division is obviously insufficient. An entire state is, of course, altogether too extensive a jurisdiction for local purposes. Each state, therefore, is divided into as many territorial districts as it has masonic lodges within it; and within each district the local lodge has exclusive jurisdiction. Every mason living within that district is subject to that lodge; every person wishing to become a mason must apply to the lodge within whose jurisdiction he lives, and to no other. Within its territorial district (which may be called its *parish*) its jurisdiction in every way and for every purpose is entirely exclusive, and as a consequence it has no authority whatever outside of that district, for every inch of territory being within the jurisdiction of some lodge, there is no territory vacant outside its own limits wherein a lodge can exercise jurisdiction. It results from this that each lodge, and more especially its master as its chief officer, can be and is held strictly responsible for every offence against masonic law committed within its district. This system, thus dividing the state territorially, and giving power and consequent responsibility to each lodge in its own district, is the only one by which the desired efficiency could be attained and at the same time harmony preserved. Were the jurisdictions indefinite or in common, constant difficulties and heartburnings would undoubtedly ensue, even in so fraternal an organization as that of masonry; beside the important point, that it being no one's particular business to attend to the interests of the craft in any special locality or to be responsible for infractions of masonic law therein, those interests would suffer and such infractions multiply fifty-fold.

And in their general features, all organizations of similar character and extent agree with these regulations of Freemasonry. Thus, the organization of the Odd Fellows in grand and subordinate lodges is very similar; the Sons of Temperance have analogous regulations; and if we turn to societies of a different class, we find the same general system in the "posts" of the Grand Army of the Republic and the "councils" of the Union League.

Take the ordinary machinery of political parties, and we discover the same general arrangement, modified, of course, somewhat by the object to be attained. The state committee is the central authority. The affairs in each county are managed, and managed to the exclusion of committee-men from other counties, by the "county committee;" and

this division of labor, power, and responsibility is carried further by the arrangement of a "town committee" in the territorial limits of each township, and if possible of a "district committee" in each school district. And it is to be observed that just in proportion as this system is rigidly carried out, to just the extent that it is made the duty, and the exclusive duty, of some committee or authority to take charge of the interests of the party in each territorial division, to exactly that extent is that party organization efficient.

Finally, to take an illustration from ordinary business, we find that in any matter requiring a large territory to be canvassed, the exclusive territorial jurisdiction plan is adopted as the only one which will produce the desired results. The publisher of a subscription work, for instance, does not start a hundred agents out to canvass miscellaneous. The only result of that would be contention among the agents, confusion in the business, and entire lack of thoroughness in the work. But he divides the territory he wishes canvassed into districts, and gives each agent one district as his exclusive field, and thus the work is thoroughly, effectively, quietly, and harmoniously executed.

I had not intended to enter into so much of an argument, or rather so much of illustration, regarding what must be evident to every intelligent man, viz., that every work of wide geographical extent must be divided territorially among the agents or local representatives of the organization doing the work, and that to secure efficiency and responsibility for results, the authority of those agents or representatives within their respective districts must be exclusive.

I now come to the class of societies (which I have expressly avoided in these illustrations) which are specially connected with the question involved in the Tyng trial. I refer to religious societies—to the church organizations of our land. These great and important bodies have each a vast work to perform, and a vast territory in which to perform it. Each has for its field of operations the whole country, and, consequently, each has to divide its field into various territorial divisions. These have, in the various bodies, various names, and, of course, in the minutiae and detail of organization there are many differences, according to what one or another may consider most expedient and effective; but in all the same great system of division of labor by territorial lines has to be adopted as the fundamental principle, because it is the only system by which the requisite work can be done, the responsibility of the subordinate authorities be preserved, and harmony continue to exist among neighboring brethren.

This principle has been adopted in the Christian Church from the primitive ages; being authoritatively reiterated as the settled law as to bishops in the famous *Jus Cyprium*, a canon of the First General Council of Ephesus; and we find St. Chrysostom using the strongest language of condemnation to Bishop Epiphanius, who violated it in his time.

I do not know that the system is more strictly carried out in the Protestant Episcopal Church than in others: I presume that all the great religious organizations have arrangements similar in their leading features; but perhaps the regulations may be more distinctly laid down in the canons of that church than they are in some others (though not as strictly as in the masonic and kindred societies). The system of that church is simply that each diocese is divided into parishes, the rector (together with the wardens and vestrymen for many purposes) being the authority, so far as that church is concerned, within the parish limits. This authority is responsible for matters pertaining to that church within those limits, and, consequently, is secured against interference in parish matters from others outside those limits. And here let me stop one moment to speak of a ridiculous idea which I have seen expressed in some journals relative to this jurisdiction question. This idea is, that the Episcopal clergy, by having a territorial parish, claim jurisdiction over all persons (of whatever denomination) within that parish. Now, nothing could be more absurd. The matter is one relating to their church alone. So far as Episcopalians are concerned, the rector has jurisdiction when they come within his parish limits; so far as others are concerned, he has no jurisdiction whatever.

It is a parallel case with the masonic regulation I mentioned. Each lodge has exclusive jurisdiction over every mason living within its district (or parish); but with those who are not masons of course it has nothing to do. There is no objection whatever to there being Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Lutheran parishes, a Masonic and an Odd Fellows' district, all with exactly the same territorial boundaries; each authority is only such toward its own people, and does not interfere with others. These territorial districts are simply for efficiency of operation and to prevent clashing and jealousies in the organization which employs the system. So long as they have well-defined limits there is no possibility of misunderstanding, and all liability of conflict of authority is removed (except, of course, where some one wilfully violates the law, and designedly interferes in the jurisdiction of another). The benefit is mutual, for while each rector is forbidden to interfere in his neighbor's parish, he, on the other hand, is protected from all outside interference in his own; while the whole church is benefitted by the efficiency and thoroughness with which the minister can attend to his own sphere, and the responsibility for its good management which his exclusive authority therein brings with it.

Now it is for violating this plain law of his church—a law which in some form every organization has to have—that Mr. Tyng has been tried, and for nothing else.

So important a law as this, and one so essential to the harmonious working of a large organization like the Episcopal Church, could not be allowed to be wilfully violated with impunity; and as Mr. Tyng was, so far as I can learn, the first who ever wilfully violated it (for I cannot find that any minister has before preached in the parish of another against the formal objection of the rector; and where no objection is made, a tacit consent might be implied), he was naturally brought to trial.

I do not propose to go into the subject of this particular case at all, but I cannot refrain from alluding to what strikes me as a most ludicrous point connected with it. I refer to the perpetual quotation by the friends of Mr. T. of the "Preach the Gospel to every creature" text as a justification! As if we were to suppose that it was intended thereby that there should be no settled pastors and regular congregations, but that every minister as soon as ordained was to rush frantically from place to place—taking the whole as his field—by which means a city might have a hundred preachers in it on one Sunday and none at all the next, and the whole present system of the Christian Church (and, indeed, of every other religious organization, for all have settled ministers) would be overthrown. It is needless to add that that direction was given to the infant church collectively, and that the church was and is to use such organization as will best carry out the great design of Christianizing the world. L. B. P.

FLUSHING, March 16, 1868.

LETTER FROM MR. BERGH.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,
NEW YORK, March 18, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I desire to correct the error into which you have fallen by supposing that I intend retiring from the service which I have voluntarily imposed on myself of striving to defend dumb animals from cruelty. I have no such intention, and shall not think of so doing until my fellow-citizens shall formally notify me that as a body their instincts are barbarous and not compassionate. But as there is no probability of such a declaration ever being made, there is as little chance of my quitting the labor in which I am engaged so long as health and strength remain to me.

I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,
HENRY BERGH.

R E V I E W S .

All books designed or review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.*

THE permanent interest which attaches to the subject mainly under discussion in this little volume of essays, the practical good sense and temperate spirit of the writing, and the acknowledged popularity of the authoress, justify the republication, in a collected form, of papers already familiar to many of our readers. If all the advocates of "woman's rights" were as reasonable as Mrs. Stowe, the prejudice which exists in the minds of men against these words would cease to exist; no one can deny that the social position of woman is susceptible of great improvement, but this is not to be brought about by the spasmodic efforts of fanatical zealots whose plans for reform are impracticable and unworthy to be recognized; and the women who acquire an unenviable notoriety by putting forth extreme opinions in an illogical and violent manner, and waste their powers of speech in vehement assertions and ill-considered agitation, should not be surprised that discriminating persons think them absurd, and that the ridicule which they bring upon themselves personally should sometimes attach to the cause they espouse.

Mrs. Stowe has the great merit of seeing for herself, and of telling boldly what she sees; she does not get her ideas through others, nor does she give us any second-hand special pleading; the truths she utters are so important in themselves as to command serious attention; and, however some of our readers may differ with her in opinion as to the best method of overcoming the difficulties which now oppress our households and cause so much misery to women, it is evident that she is unmistakably in earnest, and that her suggestions are worthy of profound consideration. Her treatment of the subject is broad and comprehensive, the chapters are enlivened by those quaint descriptions which she has such a happy faculty of presenting, and the whole tone of the book shows an honest desire for the individual and general welfare of woman. On every page are written words of truth; in the first chapter, which treats of household work, the writer says:

* The Chimney Corner. By Christopher Crowfield. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

"The fault with many of our friends of the woman's rights order is the depreciatory tone in which they have spoken of the domestic labors of a family as being altogether below the scope of the faculties of woman. Domestic drudgery, they call it—an expression that has done more harm than any two words that ever were put together."

And she justly expresses surprise that type-setting in a grim, dirty office, or passing twelve hours in the noxious atmosphere of a factory should be preferred to doing clear-starching or light housework. In the essay on *Woman's Sphere*, perhaps the best in the book, Mrs. Stowe truly says:

"In all this talk about the rights of men and the rights of women and rights of children, the world seems to be forgetting what is quite as important—the duties of men, women, and children. We all hear of our rights till we forget our duties; and even theology is beginning to concern itself more with what man has a right to expect of his Creator than what the Creator has a right to expect of man."

Some admirable suggestions occur in this chapter as to the vocations for which some women may be fitted, and after mentioning those of authorship, painting, sculpture, teaching, and some others, the authoress proposes—and we think the idea is original with her—that architecture and landscape-gardening would be suitable employments for women; it is very certain that houses planned by intelligent women would be more suited to the needs of their families than many of those they are now compelled to occupy. Of course the medical profession is not omitted, and in connection with that the highly important vocation of nursing is spoken of. In religious communities in Europe this has always been a branch of education, and beside the Sisters of Charity, whose good labors never cease, there are institutions of Protestant deaconesses whose duties consist in nursing the sick in the hospitals, in private houses, and in the dwellings of the poor. In France, Germany, and Switzerland the institutes for these useful and good women abound, and their services are eagerly sought for as private nurses; some of them are in the London hospitals, where likewise a training establishment for nurses for hospitals, families, and the poor was commenced some ten years ago. Establishments of a similar nature would be of infinite advantage to us in this country, where we are at the mercy of ignorant nurses in sickness, and where even the care of children often devolves upon such servants as Mrs. Stowe describes in the following picture:

"Imprimis: she is rather delicate and genteel-looking, and you may know from the arrangement of her hair just what the last mode is of disposing of rats or waterfalls. She has a lace bonnet with roses, a silk mantilla, a silk dress trimmed with velvet, a white skirt with sixteen tucks and an embroidered edge, a pair of cloth gaiters, underneath which are a pair of stockings without feet, the only pair in her possession. She has no under-linen, and sleeps at night in the working clothes she wears in the day."

"In the different families where she has lived she has been told a hundred times the proprieties of household life, how to make beds, arrange rooms, wash china, glass, and silver, and set tables; but her habitual rule is to try in each place how small and how poor services will be accepted. When she finds less will not do, she gives more. When the mistress follows her constantly, and shows an energetic determination to be well served, she shows that she can serve well; but the moment such attention relaxes, she slides back again. She is as destructive to a house as a fire; the very spirit of wastefulness is in her: she cracks the china, dents the silver, stops the water-pipes with rubbish, and after she is gone there is generally a sum equal to half her wages to be expended in repairing the effects of her carelessness."

It is the daily increasing dislike to the domestic vocation, which nature especially designed woman to fill, that makes our *ladies* dependent upon the help of such persons as the above, and their desire to find new spheres of action causes them to neglect and despise the cares and responsibilities of home. That there are and have been from time immemorial exceptional women, fitted by their genius and peculiar talents to fill high places and take prominent positions before the world in literature, science, and society, is undeniable, and their claims to distinction have always been willingly acknowledged; but as Mrs. Stowe truly says, "The doctrine of vocations is a good and a safe one," and it is equally true that if a woman mistakes her vocation she is the sufferer.

The essay on *Bodily Religion*, which is really a sermon on the preservation of health, tells some wholesome truths, and is worthy of being carefully studied. The injury done to our health by passing hours and days in badly ventilated school-rooms, churches, and court-houses is incalculable; even from railroad-cars the wholesome air of heaven is carefully excluded, and every thinking person will recognize the truth of the statement that

"Railroad travelling in America is systematically, and one would think carefully, arranged so as to violate every possible law of health. The old rule to keep the head cool and the feet warm is precisely reversed. A red-hot stove heats the upper stratum of air to oppression, while a stream of cold air is constantly circulating about the lower extremities. The most indigestible and unhealthy substances conceivable are generally sold in the cars or at way-stations for the confusion and distress of the stomach. Rarely can a traveller obtain so innocent a thing as a plain, good sandwich of bread and meat, while pie, cake, and all other culinary atrocities are almost forced upon him at every stopping-place. In France, England, and Germany the railroad-cars are perfectly ventilated; the feet are kept warm by flat cases filled with hot water and covered with carpet, and answering the double purpose of warming the feet and diffusing an agreeable temperature through the car, without burning away the vitality of the

air; while the arrangements at the refreshment-rooms provide for the passenger as wholesome and well-served a meal of healthy, nutritious food as could be obtained in any home circle."

Of the sources of beauty in dress, and especially of its appropriateness to certain occasions, Mrs. Stowe writes very sensibly; she speaks to a large class of her own countrywomen, and her manner is adapted to the taste and culture of those whom she desires to influence. A more highly polished style would not be liked by them, and her main object—which is to point out their errors and persuade them to amend their ways—is more readily gained by adopting a form of speech with which they are familiar. She does not hesitate to rebuke their follies, but she does so in a gentle and kindly spirit, and we all acknowledge that her remarks are just. In older countries it is not considered good taste—nay, it is thought a sign of great vulgarity, to appear in jaunty attire at church, and yet it is an error commonly committed with us:

"Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious, young women sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes their utterance of the words of the litany and the acts of prostrate devotion in the service seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with hair frizzed till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, mounting over all some pert little hat with a red or green feather standing saucily upright in front, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante*; and, if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableau-party, would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy."

In *The Cathedral* the writer gives us a most charming sketch of one Aunt Esther who might well be termed a model old lady—happy indeed should we be could we call her a representative one.

Mrs. Stowe's book appears at a time when it is likely to be productive of much good. We are in an age of transition, and have reached that point in the world's history when some change in the condition of women has become necessary; but this change, to be of permanent advantage, must be judiciously effected, and, thanks to the strong hold which the feelings and manners of our forefathers yet have upon us, it must be a work not only of great care, but of considerable time.

THE DERVISHES.*

THIS curiously interesting volume is due to the labor of many years on the part of the author, whose learning and observation have enabled him to supply a void in historical literature, and afford to the cultivated reader an easy and pleasant means of acquiring information regarding a set of people of whom little has hitherto been known. The value of Mr. Brown's research is not affected by the preoccupation of the ground by others; his work bears the mark of original investigation, and he has only availed himself legitimately of the aid of other Asiatic scholars, and of such translations as came within his reach. Whatever talent aided by labor and convenient opportunity could effect, has been performed by this ardent student and judicious compiler; he became familiar with the inner life of the Mussulman as far as it could be permitted to an alien to do so, and thus acquired a considerable knowledge of a religion which has exercised a prodigious influence over vast numbers of the human family. The diversity and difficulty of the dialects in use among the Dervishes are serious obstacles in the way of those who seek to be informed concerning them, and the difficulties are by no means lessened by the figurative mode of expression which they have preserved from time immemorial; but they possess this advantage, that they are in a situation to preserve and transmit their ancient traditions; their laws, manners, religion, and local associations exist around them; every object and circumstance tends to keep alive and perpetuate the memory of their ancient history, their religious worship, and their undeniably exceptional condition.

On the spiritual side of important questions, the "deep things of the soul," on men's living relations to the eternal world, on abstruse theological and philosophical speculations, the author has bestowed much thought, and his theories, sustained by Biblical and Oriental examples, are given at considerable length in the first chapter of the work. Hitherto we have had brief and by no means satisfactory accounts of the Dervishes, but until the publication of the present work none has appeared which has been exclusively devoted to them, and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that even the derivation of their name should be a matter of dispute among Orientalists. With apparent propriety Mr. Brown believes it to signify "a poor fellow who goes from door to door for assistance."

Their original orders were twelve in number, and they trace their source through generations up to Allah, but are all more or less intimately associated with the history of Mohammed, concerning whom the author gives many interesting details:

"He called himself the *Rasool*, or 'Sent of God.' He is also now called by his followers in Arabia, the *Nebee*, or Prophet, and in Persia and Turkey, the *Paigamber*, or 'He who bears a message' from God to mankind. The Turkish language, as far as I know, has no other word sufficiently significant of his mission, and so has adopted that of the Persians. His mission was to call men from the errors of idolatry—the worship of fire, and the belief in the existence of three Gods (Father, Son, and Holy Spirit)—to the adoration of one God only, *Allah*. He declared that of the others who preceded him with Divine messages was sent for special purposes, and, having accomplished his mission, returned to God."

And a learned Sheikh of the Mevlevee order says, upon the authority of a verse in the Koran, that GOD said, in reference to the Prophet, "Had it not been for you, I would not have created the world."

Among the traditions of the order of Kâdires is the following:

"It is related that once the daughter of the Prophet of God, Fâtimah, saw in a dream that a man came out of her father's apartment, holding a large candle in his hand, the light of which extended from the East to the West. She mentioned this to her father, in the presence of her husband, 'Alee, who was the nephew of the Prophet. The latter interpreted it, that 'one would come after him (*Alee*) whose sanctity would resemble the candle, and be the chief of all saints.' 'Alee exclaimed against this, on the ground that he himself was the chief. 'No,' said the Prophet, 'the one I allude to will have his foot on the neck of all the saints, and all will come under his rule; those who do not bear his feet on their shoulders, and bend before him, will bear bags on their shoulders.' 'Alee would not admit this, and declared that for one he would refuse to bear him. Just then the Prophet miraculously created a child; and as there was some fruit on a high shelf of the room, he asked 'Alee to reach it down for the child. 'Alee attempted to do it, but was not high enough, and the Prophet placed the child on his ('Alee's) neck, so as to reach the fruit. 'Alee having submitted to this, 'See, see!' exclaimed the Prophet, 'you already bear the person I allude to on your neck.' This child was 'Abd ul Kâdîr himself."

From every available source the author has obtained accounts of the peculiar tenets of the Dervishes, the marked difference in the mode of worship established by the several orders, the affiliation of members, and the spiritual visions and prayers of the Mussulman saints; in the fourth chapter we have a translation from a tract on their costume and tenets, which is followed by a curious account of the "Eylâi," or saints, who are supposed to have commenced their existence with the beginning of the world. The prayers used by the Rufâ'ees, or Howling Dervishes, are peculiarly Oriental in character, but in some instances contain very beautiful expressions of thought. This order, the author informs us, is most generally known by foreigners visiting Constantinople. Their self-inflicted tortures are horrible, and in their dances—the contortions of their limbs are frightful to witness. The order of the Bektashees having been intimately connected with the Ottoman militia, known as the Janissaries, which has now been done away with, Mr. Brown has very properly included in his work a short account of the "New Troops."

It is difficult to abridge the accounts which the author gives of the religious belief and forms of worship peculiar to the different orders of Dervishes without marring his narrative, by making such omissions as would destroy some important link or weaken an appropriate illustration; on one momentous point of their doctrine we have the following:

"The Eastern idea that the spirit or soul returns to this world, and lives again in a new body, long after the decease and decay of its primitive corporeal form, is held as true by many of the modern Sheikhs of Persia. With them the belief in the re-existence of the Imâm Mehdié is stronger than among any other Mohammedans. They are, as aforementioned, with few exceptions, *Aleicles*, and attach the greatest importance to all of the members of his family—the twelve Imâms. The transmigration of the soul from one body to another is fully developed in their estimation of the Mehdié. It is, perhaps, borrowed from a parallel in Christianity, or may even be traced to the Old Testament [Elías]. The Mehdié, according to them, still lives, and will again reappear in a new body. It forms the chief principle of the religion of the Druzes, who hold that the great apostle of their faith, *Hakem bi emr Illah*, possessed the soul of the 12th Imâm."

Of the Soofees, whose system is elaborately described by Sir William Jones, and whose wild and enthusiastic religion is, as he says, likewise that of the sweet Hafiz and the great Maulavi (Mevlevee), our author remarks :

"Soofeism modifies itself, like all systems, by passing from theory to action. There were, as has been always practised in the divers schools of Theosophists and Thaumaturgists, two doctrines—the one public, which precedes the initiation; and the other secret, for the adepts only. A strict observance of religion and of all the social virtues was required of the candidate for his initiation. Later, when by a long suite of proofs and mortifications, above all by the absolute annihilation of his individuality, he was supposed to have arrived at the desired degree in which to contemplate the truth face to face, and the veil, until then spread over his vision, suddenly fell, they taught him that the Prophet in his book had only presented, under the veil of allegory, maxims and political precepts; that the Koran without the interpretation was only an assembly of words void of sense; that once the habit of mental devotion contracted, he could reduce his worship to a purely spiritual one, and abandon all forms and external ceremonies."

The work of Mr. Brown is filled with matter of deep interest to Oriental scholars; it is excellent as an adjunct to Asiatic history, and as a home production merits friendly and appreciative welcome.

* *The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism.* By John P. Brown. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

LIBRARY TABLE.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By James H. Norman, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.—

"There's a slice near the pickerel's pectoral fins
Where the thorax leaves off and the venter begins,
Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks and lines,
Though proud of his family, never declines?"

and text-books for the study of the languages are always claimed by their makers, angling for the public gills, to be just such delectable tid-bits. Do you wish to learn a new language? Here is a little book, you are told, which will gratify your wish; it conceals the jaw-breaking foreign hook, and while it imparts the required knowledge, deludes you into the belief that you are only twisting your mother-tongue into a new shape. Books arranged on the *soi-disant* practical plan are particularly offensive in this respect. Series of unmeaning and disconnected phrases are strung together in the form of progressive exercises, and the student is supposed unconsciously to acquire the language by mere repetition of words. The truth is, the practical method is founded on a mere theory which is quite partial in its working. Few pupils, and especially in all schools where modern languages form only a part of the course of study, have the time or opportunity to devote to this daily repetition of foreign words. It is this compulsory daily repetition which one gets by residing among those who speak the language to be acquired; but no schools in this country, not even French or German schools, can ensure that constant familiarity with the simple phrases of everyday life. There is no greater desideratum in our textbooks for the study of modern languages than to abandon this excessive seeking after short and easy methods and to adopt a more thorough analysis of the theory of grammar. Mr. Norman's grammar presents theory and practice hand in hand, as is usual, and though we do not agree with him in thinking Otto's grammar too advanced to be put into the hands of any beginner possessed of a requisite knowledge of grammar in general, there is a strong point in his book which will recommend itself and is a step in the right direction. The etymological forms are stated in full, each as soon as it is taken up in the order of exercises, and thus the grammatical knowledge is imparted in a measurably compact form. But it is through the more universal introduction of Latin grammar into the early stages of our school courses that we expect a more complete change in the arrangement of our grammars for the study of modern languages. With a Latin training, the student will be ready for a grammar of German or French which shall philosophically develop, not the etymology alone, but the idioms of those languages.

A Manual of the Art of Prose Composition. By J. M. Bonnell, D.D. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co. 1867.—After the ambitious and complicated treatment of the subject of prose composition by Prof. Day, a book like this manual is refreshing in its old-fashioned plainness of statement. The result of practical thought in the classroom, it is—with the exception of the plan of unfolding the subject, which is taken from Quackenbos, and a table of synonyms, reprinted from Lymond's *Etymology*—precisely such a series of illustrations and views of the subject as most teachers have found it necessary to prepare for themselves. The faults of the book are marked, chief among them being a lack of comprehensive, full rules for punctuation and an entire absence of logical order in unfolding the subject-matter of the book. Pretty much all the subdivisions of rhetorical art are treated, but the only clue afforded in the table of contents to this varied treatment consists in two cabalistic words, *Invention* and *Expression*. There is a severe simplicity in this arrangement more consonant with the spirit of a Greek drama than a text-book. Some of Dr. Bonnell's suggestions to teachers, too, will bring a smile to the Northern face of that fraternity, who are obliged to grade and classify larger numbers of pupils than congregate in the schools of Georgia. Not the least ludicrous is the suggestion that three years should be spent by the pupil in mastering his book. We deprecate, too, such an array of provincialisms as the doctor gives. So ill-favored a set of interlopers ought not to be allowed to spread the contagion which their mere juxtaposition in a school-book engenders. Moreover, many of them, e.g., *kerslosh*, splash, are mere onomatopœiae of the bow-wow type and never liable to be mistaken for English, nor is the syllable *ting* an English verb, though it is asserted on page 20 that such is the case.

The United States Second Reading Book. New York: The American Tract Society.—The motive of a Tract Society in publishing educational books can pretty clearly be simplified that of giving wider currency to its peculiar religious opinions. People interested in the spreading of "orthodox" Christianity will find in this cheap reader a cunningly-devised tract. Its educational merit is fair, the illustrations are particularly good, and it is well printed between cheap pasteboard covers. By all means let them furnish freedmen's schools of the South with it. Without any more pronounced political proclivity than is evinced in an unusually benign vignette of George Washington on the cover, it will yet prove itself a radical reconstructionist; for it is well calculated to educate the childish minds of the freedmen, and education is certainly a radical as well as rational method of reforming society. Of its religious prejudices no one need complain. The Tract Society used to

show business tact in expunging anti-slavery sentiments from its tracts, and all sects that have equal zeal will do well to imitate their present example, and put their documents into cheap educational books for the South.

A History of Wonderful Inventions, from the Mariner's Compass to the Electric Telegraph Cable. By John Timbs. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1868.—The author of this curious and highly interesting book has been aided by the experience of forty years in publishing, year by year, a record of facts in science and art. His volume, therefore, is not the mere catch-penny work of a charlatan, but that of a genuine worker whose heart is in his vocation and who thoroughly understands the intricacies of the marvellous inventions he describes. The topics treated, under their consecutive heads, are: The Mariner's Compass, Lighthouses and Lifeboats, The Barometer, The Thermometer, Printing, The Telescope, The Microscope, Clocks and Watches, Gunpowder and Gun-cotton, Gas-lighting, Artesian Wells, The Steam-Engine, The Cotton Manufacture, Steam Navigation, The Railway and The Locomotive Steam-Engine, Iron Ships of War, Guns and Armor, The Electric Telegraph, Ocean Electro-Telegraphy and The Electric Cables. Under these eighteen headings are given clear and succinct accounts of the discovery and progress of these extraordinary agents and principles, which collectively have revolutionized the relations of man to nature and made the modern world so different from the ancient one, its predecessor. We have read Mr. Timbs's book from beginning to end, and found it to be, in truth, what is sometimes exaggeratedly said of scientific treatises, more interesting than a romance. It would be difficult, indeed, to set forth the history of these mighty inventions in a style more simple, yet more alluring; and the many who would gladly understand the rationale of such matters but have been repelled by the difficulties of a less popular phraseology, may here find expositions which even a child's mind can grapple with and comprehend. For this reason the book is peculiarly well suited to the young; and parents with children of a scientific, mechanical, or generally enquiring mind can hardly do better than place in their hands a treatise which offers such genuine advantages. The volume is profusely and accurately illustrated, and many of the diagrams serve as valuable elucidations of the text.

THE MAGAZINES.

WE have seldom read a more interesting number of any magazine or one less likely to attract the general reader than the current number of *The Catholic World*. Yet popularity is not the test of merit; nor, except in point of material prosperity, the measure of success; perhaps nowadays even the reverse. And if the majority of magazine readers fail to discern an excellence for which their intellectual appetites unfit them, the few who are not afraid to grapple with ideas and prefer matter to manner will be rewarded and grateful. We have heretofore taken the liberty to dissent from the management of this magazine because we thought it consulted too little the tastes of a public to whom, however low and vitiated its tastes may be, every periodical must look to recruit its subscription lists. We thought, in a word, that *The Catholic World* was, to use an expressive vulgarism, too good to pay. But we are glad to believe that we were wrong, and that its publishers have found it possible to subordinate pecuniary success to thorough literary excellence. There is in the United States to-day no magazine which altogether fills its peculiar province so well, which is at once so thoughtful, so earnest, and so just as this. There is, indeed, no other exactly like it, and but one or two which we should find it harder to replace. We do not know what excuse members of its own faith can fashion to themselves if their apathy should allow it to fail, but we do know that if its conductors do not at last command success they have done more than most to deserve it. The present number seems to have an unusual proportion of reviews; wisely, we think, for this is *The Catholic World's* strong point. Its reviews have always been what its shorter book notices are beginning to be, better than those of any other magazine in the country, not even excepting *The Atlantic*, which has the ability but scarcely the impartiality for trustworthy criticism. The papers on Montalembert's great work, *The Monks of the West*, on Father Meehan's graphic and touching story of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, O'Neill and O'Donnell—the former of whom was called by Henri Quatre the third soldier of the age—and on Mr. Fitzpatrick's *Life of Bishop Doyle* are full of interest. So is the article on *The Episcopalian Crisis*, considering it as the Roman Catholic view of the tendencies of the Ritualistic movement, against which it takes strong ground as being inconsistent and illogical, as "wearing a Catholic exterior over a Protestant heart." An answer in *The American Quarterly Church Review* to a previous estimate of *The Catholic World's* on Victor Cousin's philosophy, which *The Church Review* somewhat gratuitously fathered on Dr. Brownson, is resented by that gentleman, or some equally able champion, in a rejoinder whose force is not less admirable than its dignified and gentlemanly tone. The last quality, especially, is one too often lacking in philosophical discussion, which seems to have a tendency, generally, to bring out all the billingsgate that can be put into words. *The Story of a Conscript* is ended, and an Irish story begun which is just what an Irish story should be—full of the pale and the bloody

Sassenach and Erin go Bragh. The poems are better than usual, if that be praise, and one of them more, even to being positively good—the verses called *Full of Grace*, whose title best describes them.

The Atlantic has a very fair number, quite up to its average perhaps, and so above the general magazine level very decidedly. For one good point, Mr. Whipple makes it evident that he has not done with Elizabethan literature by giving us an essay on *Spenser*; and although he makes no promise of more to come, there yet seems such unlikelihood that he would have exceeded the unity attained in the previous papers for the sake of one only, that it is not unreasonable to hope that in succeeding numbers we are to meet Sir Philip Sidney, Drayton, Donne, Hall, Hollinshead, Sir Walter Raleigh, Burton, and perhaps be brought into the region of Hooker, Bacon, and Hobbes—assured that wherever Mr. Whipple leads us in his present humor there will be entertainment and instruction in store, and impatient only for the opportunity of following in satisfactory continuity what is practically withheld from us so long as it is entombed in old magazines or doled out at uncertain intervals. Then there is a very interesting but too brief and cursory paper on *The Poison of the Rattlesnake*, apparently by the author of the still better *Wonders of Modern Surgery* in the last number, evidently, whoever he may be, an ardent toxicologist, but also a somewhat inconsiderate person to alarm us as he does about the toad's poison—"a deadly and rapid poison"—and pass on to the rattlesnake without telling us how it is communicated or combated, leaving us only with the assurance that these creatures, which we are to meet by thousands all summer, are, alone of the animal creation, worthy to be ranked with poisonous serpents—the scorpion and the centipede not being worth account. Among other articles there are *Lagos Bay*, apparently the commencement of a serial, and what, if our memory serves us, is a new feature, a department entitled *Art*, in the subordinate type of the book notices, and which is this time devoted to the Boston Music Hall, but which, if designed for perpetuity, is a thing to be welcomed. The main-stay, however, of the number, the article at least which will occasion an inundation of comment *pro et con.* of the style so unpleasantly familiar, is one, very evidently from Mr. Parton's pen, upon *Our Roman Catholic Brethren*. It is quite true that the utterly reckless course of aspersions and slander which the "orthodox" and "evangelical" bodies have pursued against the Church of Rome has so thoroughly disgusted reasonable people whose religion is not one of hate, that many of them have arrived at positive sympathy for a body they were before content to regard with passive dislike, and to inspire more with a detestation of dogma and a contempt for the *odium theologicum* and those who devote themselves to fomenting it, which cannot fail to react disastrously upon religion itself. Very many such will rejoice to see put before Protestant readers, in a form they cannot choose but read, an argument of the contrary style, even if its eulogium be as extreme as the traduction of which it is the reaction. Mr. Parton has dealt very cleverly with a theme which was sure to attract everybody's scrutiny, and of which no possible treatment that was sincere and not servile could fail to bring censure from both sides. Mr. Parton, we fancy, will have it from both sides and in such nauseating quantity and quality that our contribution shall be confined to the mere suggestion whether it is ingenuous for him to refer, as he does more than once, to the education of Catholic children in schools of their own faith as if the only consideration connected with it were the fact that thereby the public schools are relieved of crowds they are incapable of accommodating. As we have said, high war will be waged over this article, and the "evangelical" press will disport itself in the semi-barbarous, semi-puerile, and wholly extravagant and offensive manner which is its wont whenever it encounters an opinion that is not its own—the chief effect of which will be to immensely advertise *The Atlantic* and Mr. Parton. But with all drawbacks—we speak, as our readers need not be told, as Protestants, not as apathetic Gallios—we hold it to be an excellent thing that the good points of "our Roman Catholic brethren" should be brought before people who, from childhood, have had only the bad ones forced upon them,—and, further, that such of them as have not merely eyes, but brains, shall for once be brought to regard the nature of the clamor, and to argue from it that of the motives which, in a matter wherein use had not blunted our senses, we should instinctively assume as underlying such manifestations.

The Riverside for this month we may pronounce, without fear of contradiction by the most exacting youngster, thoroughly admirable. We scarcely know whether most to compliment the editor upon the quality and variety of the resources he has succeeded in developing, or on the tact and taste manifested in their employment. Instruction, amusement, fun, fancy are blended in the happiest manner; and there seems to be solved what we fancy to be the most difficult problem in making a magazine of this sort—namely, that while only a very small proportion of its contents is so far beyond the depth of the very youngest readers, there is not, we think, an article which the most self-important school-boy can reject as beneath his dignity. Beside the title-page frontispiece, in which Mr. Nash has grouped half-a-dozen of the most characteristic scenes in *Robinson Crusoe*—in that mathematical framework, by-the-by, of which, perhaps, that fertile artist is giving us a surfeit—there is a liberal sprinkling of excellent wood-cuts let into the text, the last of which, accompanying an air to *Bobby Shaftoe* from

Mother Goose, is a conception upon which Mr. Gaston Fay is to be congratulated; it represents a wonderful craft—not a "shell" nor yet a gig, while calling it a long-boat would by no means describe it—of such dimensions, anyhow, that its bow would vanish in the horizon and its keel require a curvature to correspond with that of the earth's surface if it extended much further; this tremendous craft being propelled by some fifty oars, plainly to be counted, in the hands of mariners whose proportions and snow beards recall the conventional Kriss Krinkle. Opening with the first of a series of articles designed to enlist its young readers in horticultural pursuits, *The Riverside* leads them on into a most arduous stage ride from Superior to St. Paul, a cruise in a naval steamer from the Pacific through the Strait of Magellan and thence to St. Thomas, and another maritime exploit in a squall off Cape Horn. There are also stories of child-life by Jacob Abbott, and by Mrs.—we say so at hazard, and with an earnest desire that editors would afford reviewers the opportunity of referring to lady contributors by their proper titles, or—by Miss Helen C. Weeks, who continues the adventures of two of the most charming *enfants terribles* ever introduced among the *dramatis personae* of juvenile fiction; also two others. Poetry, songs, fairy tales, and tales wavering on the dividing line of dream-land and reality fill the remainder of a very excellent number.

The Art Journal contains this month—we speak of the March number—a larger proportion of readable matter in its letterpress than is often the case. It opens with the first part of a well-illustrated description of *Books and Bookbinding in Syria and Palestine*; and gives later on, for the purpose, apparently, of introducing some of those exquisite wood-cuts such as are never given us in this country, notices of M. Michelet's new work on ornithology; of designs by an English architect for picturesque cottages and villas; and of an illustrated volume of poems. Otherwise, except for the description of the French pictures in the Paris Exhibition and the twelfth part of the exquisitely illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, the reading matter is of little value to American readers. As usual, the chief attraction lies in the two steel engravings. Of these the first is *The Justice of the King*, from the painting by Mr. J. Faed, a Scotsman, representing a scene in the court of one of the earlier Scottish Jameses. Two of the rude nobles of the period having had a dispute, the story runs, one of them struck his opponent in the presence of the monarch; an offence punishable in those comparatively barbarous times by "mutilation by law," as it is legally expressed. The delinquent was therefore at once condemned to lose his hand on the spot, and by the arm of the man who had received the insult. The sentence was passed by the king, who offered his own sword as the weapon to execute it; but at the intercession of the queen, the ladies of her court, and the culprit's friends, his crime was pardoned. The grouping and expression of the figures and faces is generally admirable, especially that of the culprit, who sits with bared arm waiting punishment; and but for a single weak point—the meaninglessness of the intended executioner, his conventional theatrical attitude of indecision and relenting—the engraving would be one of the most spirited and forcible we have seen for a long time. The other plate is one which in wood-cuts, photographs, etc., is pretty familiar—Leslie's picture of *Sancho Panza*, when the physician orders one dish after another to be borne away under the new governor's hungry eyes—but the face is very far from our conception of honest Sancho's, and the picture rather unmeaning.

The Congregational Review, which we usually find thoughtful and instructive, is this time decidedly below its usual mark. In the first place, it would be out of the question within 81 pages of *The Review's* large print to treat with the exhaustiveness we have a right to expect from such a publication twelve distinct subjects, several of them of large scope. And in fact we do not find that any one of them is thoroughly done, while several are commonplace and weak, and there is not one which is not marked by a certain crudeness which infallibly indicates a discreditably economy of time and thought. The Rev. Wm. T. Savage's *Month in Egypt*, being of the easiest sort of writing, is the most readable as well as the longest article in the number, the general average of the remaining papers being about six pages each. Strong points there are none to comment upon; of weak ones we hesitate whether to award the precedence to the Rev. J. E. Rankin's *Apollo among the Editors*, which is a puff of Mr. Theodore Tilton's poems, in the vague and unsuggestive style which characterizes the reviews of the religious journals; to the Rev. E. P. Tenney's *Modern Pagans and Future Punishment*, an irrelevant and illogical attempt to demolish Mr. Lecky, who might be thankful to have such assailants to create an impression of weakness in their argument which by no means exists; or to an effort in the *Literary Notices* to bind up the gaping wounds inflicted upon the wretched Dr. Todd by the keen pen of Gail Hamilton. It is with some surprise that we find *The Congregational Review* in this extremely decrepit condition, for hitherto we have regarded it as one of the ablest of its kind, and, if we remember correctly, the last number we had occasion to examine seemed to us as able a theological publication as we had seen from the American press.

The People's Magazine. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Pott & Amery.—This magazine continues to deserve the praise which we have

bestowed upon former numbers, and as the majority of the articles are continuations of those previously noticed, there is little occasion for criticism or remark. The third paper on physiology, treating of the organs of sight, is excellently written, avoiding both flippancy and dulness, the Scylla and Charybdis of writers who attempt to bring science down to the level of uneducated minds. Two of the wood-engravings which adorn this number are remarkably good, and in far better taste than the colored atrocity which disfigured the last.

The Old Guard for April is marked by the same erratic vigor of thought and eccentricity of expression which have heretofore won for it a somewhat remarkable reputation. What we most admire in it is its scrupulous regard for the amenities of discussion in the frequent controversies into which its headlong ardor leads it. For example, an opposition editor, who had the bad taste to abuse the editor of *The Old Guard*, is mildly but felicitously rebuked as "a dungeon-bosomed wretch of the appropriate name of Fogg, who, it is said by his neighbors, was brought up as a sheep-thief and now edits a nasty newspaper rag of the African persuasion at Concord, N. H." Unhappy Fogg! how speedily wilt thou dissipate and utterly vanish before this merciless blast. Daily do we devour our New Hampshire files (*quantus labor time!*) for news of thy demise, or shudderingly return, led by some horrible fascination, to peruse the premature epitaph writ for thee by this courteous but unsparing *Old Guard*. This is its scathing purport :

"Here lies, on earth, a sheep-thief dog,
Who used to come at the call of *Fogg*;
Now he's gone where he barks no more,
And all his snips and snarls are o'er."

What is it that the leader of that other *Old Guard* says to his enemies, in the veracious chronicle of M. Hugo?

Lippincott's Magazine for April shows no falling off or faltering in its steady progress toward periodical perfection. Of its sixteen articles there is none which is not fully up to the average of magazine goodness, and more than one which rises above it. *Dallas Gabraith* continues, and gives us two or three bits of that vivid, natural description wherein Mrs. Davis particularly excels. The second article on *The Correlation of Forces* is even more interesting and instructive than the first. *Quotation Marks* shows evidence of a good deal of ingenuity and research in the collection of literary coincidences and imitation, many of which are old and some new; a not very original, but generally amusing diversion. Then comes M. Louis Blanc, who, discussing *The Affairs of Europe*, becomes inspired with prophetic fury to predict a general convulsion—a sort of Donnybrook fair—of the Continental nations at no very distant day, and contends that "the theory of the fusion of races, if understood in the sense of the formation of gigantic states, rendered as formidable as possible by the concentration of their forces in the hands of a military despot, is a snare which crafty statesmen lay for the people they are determined to enslave"—a vague but terrible menace which seems aimed at the supporters of General Grant and the centralizing policy of Congress. The other political article in the present number is a defence of *Excise Taxes upon Manufactures*, which ends with the appalling query, "Is not any essential reduction of the internal revenue at the present moment a fearful stride toward repudiation?" To refresh us after these arduous mental labors there are two or three clever essays—notably the one on *Opium Eating* and Mr. Morford's not very profound, but in the main just, estimate of *Womanhood and Chivalry in America*, and two other tales which, if not clever, are as near it as the majority of their class, and one of which, *Ranlock Branch*, has the merit of being somewhat original in its turning incident, though better conceived than told. The poetry is fair, and *The Monthly Gossip* shows decided improvement, though its author should know better than to print as new, and without a word of comment, Thackeray's (is it not Thackeray's?) story about the ingenious expedient of an enterprising Parisian grocer for advertising his goods by erecting to his own memory in *Père la Chaise* a splendid monument which extolled his virtues and explained that his inconsolable widow continued the business at the old stand.

The first number of the second volume of *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*—the St. Louis magazine, whose publishers in New York are John Wiley & Sons—contains the following articles : *Statement of the Problem*; *Fichte's "Sun-clear Statement,"* *Swedenborg and Speculative Philosophy*; *Beethoven's Seventh Symphony*; *Hegel's Ästhetik*—*Painting*; *Pantheon*; *Introduction to Philosophy*; *The Difference of Baader from Hegel*; *Nominalism versus Realism*; *Leibnitz on the Nature of the Soul*; *Book Notices*. Many of these will be read with great interest by large numbers of persons to whom the contents of this journal have hitherto been, for the most part, unintelligible. This may be partly explained by the fact that, with three exceptions, they are all original productions. In the first article the aim and purpose of the journal are stated with as much clearness as the subject will admit of. The article, *Nominalism versus Realism*, is a polemic against formal logic, in behalf of speculative philosophy. Whether the logician or the philosopher has the better of it we cannot say; we leave the decision to those that understand the arguments. *Swedenborg and Speculative Philosophy* is by Dr. Tafel, and, like most of that gentleman's productions, consists mainly of quotations—no drawback in the present instance. On the whole, this is the best number of this journal that has yet appeared.

Packard's Monthly is a new enterprise, which announces itself to be "an American magazine, devoted to the interests and adapted to the tastes of the young men of the country." Its devotion seems to us more apparent than, if we may use the word, its adaption. Though it has much that any young man might be the better for knowing, it is not altogether what most young men care to read. We have found it interesting enough, and it is evidently edited with ability and taste; we are only fearful that a very useful undertaking may fail for want of proper encouragement from the class to whom it appeals. That, however, will best be shown by time. Meanwhile we congratulate its projectors on their first number, which is handsomely printed and is filled with the most encouraging accounts of rich men who began by being very poor men, and is embellished with a portrait of Mr. Henry Dwight Stratton, and a very "vigorous" and "convincing" *Talk with Young Men*, about city and country, by Mr. Horace Greeley. The article on our *National Literature* is also well worth reading, though it says a good many things which sound to us marvellously like humbug. The editorial department is well and carefully conducted, but the *Notices and Reviews* would be improved by a little judicious blame. We must find fault, too, with the slight flavor of snobbery evinced in printing, under the head of *Reminiscences of Great Men*, a number of anecdotes about a number of people whose chief claim to distinction rests upon their riches. If there is one thing that the young men of the country would do well to unlearn, it is their tendency to confound wealth with greatness, and thereupon to fashion their theory of life.

For *The Sunday Magazine* and *Good Words* we have not the space their sound excellence merits. Always admirable in their own fields, which are so nearly identical that the publication of the two by the same house is at first sight surprising, within a few months they have both made very marked advance. We have read with much interest the diversified contents of both, and can only point as of particular value to certain papers in each upon which it would give us pleasure to dwell. These are, in *Good Words*, a description of a visit to Pastor Blumhardt's German establishment for curing disease by prayer, a subject to which the appearance in court of "The Peculiar People" has directed much attention; the first of a series of papers by the Duke of Argyll, entitled *Recent Speculations on Primeval Man*, in which he does little more than clear the way for the discussion of (1) the method of man's introduction into the world, (2) the antiquity of the race—the time in the geological history of the globe when man appeared, and (3) his mental condition when first created—a series which we need not command to any who read the same author's *Reign of Law*, or even the chapters from it which appeared in this magazine; the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's review of *Ecce Homo*, now put into book form, and to which we shall soon return; and, lastly, an examination of the causes of *The Declining Influence of the Pulpit in Modern Times*. In *The Sunday Magazine*, perhaps, the most striking article is that in which Dean Alford commences an examination of *The Epistle to the Hebrews* by a scrutiny of the proofs of its authorship, which he shows quite conclusively, we think, to have been not Saint Paul's, but that of somebody who wrote during the two years after his death, probably Apollos. The illustrations of *Good Words* are admirable—notably so that in which is set Mr. Tennyson's silly thing about the tower in the wet, and those of the four illustrations of the poem, *Hero Harold*. In *The Sunday Magazine* they are fewer, but in general good, from which we need only except the group of the apostles at Pentecost, where (p. 392) the "cloven tongues like as of fire" irresistibly suggest fish-tail gas-jets emanating from each apostolic head.

The New Dominion Monthly for March has at least the merit of variety. Its contents range from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from *The Poetry of J. G. Whittier to A New and Remarkable Geological Theory*, from Labrador's icy mountains to Abyssinia's coral strand. All tastes seem to be consulted. *The Devil-fish* flaps his infernal wings in the very face of *The Early Records of the Church*, and the homely *Song of the Old Washerwoman* almost drowns the chivalric and graceful lay of *The Knight to his Lady*. And when you can have all these delights for the ludicrous sun of ten cents, oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone without *The New Dominion Monthly*? Seriously, this Canada periodical is full of interesting matter, and is well worth even more than its small subscription price.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—New Grammar of French Grammars. By Dr. V. de Fivas, M.A., F.E.I.S. Pp. 250. 1868.
The Vision of Dante Alighieri. Illustrated. Pp. 587. 1868.
The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated by J. H. Wiffen. Illustrated. 1868.
- STRAHAN & CO., London (New York: George Routledge & Sons).—Ecce Homo. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Pp. 201. 1868.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—The Progress of Philosophy. By Samuel Tyler, LL.D. Pp. vi. 244. 1868.
Abraham Page, Esq.: A Novel. Pp. 354. 1868.
- T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia.—Comstock's Elocution. Edited by Philip Lawrence. Pp. 571.
- L. D. MYERS & BRO., Columbus.—Annual Report of the Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs, for the year 1867. Prepared by George B. Wright. Pp. 388. 1868.
- JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—Wishing and Choosing. By Mrs. Carey Brock. Pp. 148.
- GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—Annual of Scientific Discovery. Edited by Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. Pp. xii. 331. 1868.
- LEYFOLDY & HOLT, New York.—In the Year '13. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-Deutsch by Charles Lee Lewes. Pp. vii. 299. 1868.
- ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—On the Heights: A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Pp. 544. 1868.
- WYNKOOP & SHERWOOD, New York.—Modern Mercantile Calculator. By A. D. V. Henriques. Pp. xv. 359. 1868.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—Norwood. By Henry Ward Beecher. Pp. xi. 549. 1868.
- PAMPHLETS.
- D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Pp. 192. 1868.
- Guy Mannering. The same. Pp. 182. 1868.
- Sketches by Boz. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 194. 1868.
- T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia.—Hunted Down. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 176.
- The Antiquary. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Pp. 122.
- R. M. DE WITT, New York.—Dearer than Life. By Henry J. Byron. The Snapping Turtles. By J. B. Buckstone.
- HARPER & BROS., New York.—My Husband's Crime. By M. R. Housekeeper. Illustrated. Pp. 115.
- CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church. In 2 scenes. By Archdeacon Chasuble. D.D. Pp. 138.
- We have received the Special Report on the Present State of Education in the United States and other Countries. By Victor M. Rice.
- We have also received current issues of The Riverside Magazine, The Herald of Health, Packard's Monthly, The Eclectic Magazine, The Catholic World—New York; The Congregational Review, The Atlantic Monthly—Boston; Good Words, The Sunday Magazine, The Art Journal—London and New York; The Occident, Lippincott's Magazine—Philadelphia; The Dartmouth—Hanover.
- MUSIC.
- O. & C. H. DITSON, Boston and New York.—A Night in Venice. Music by L. Ardith. Pp. 9.
- Lieder ohne Worte. By Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Pp. 13.
- Dwight's Journal of Music.
- The Carnival March Polka. By Charles Fradell. Pp. 7.
- The Chickering Waltz. By Henry von Guderla. Pp. 11.
- A Cheval (On Horseback). Grande Galop de Concert. Par Homer N. Bartlett. Pp. 11.

express their opinions freely and openly, and that this privilege should not be construed as to include the expression of "popular" opinions only. We have contended for this principle, as will be admitted, with considerable pertinacity. But when a hitherto reputable, if occasionally somewhat provincial and one-sided journal, deliberately sets itself to the work of misrepresenting writers and motives which it has neither the brains, the culture, nor the magnanimity to understand, it is due to the public and not unwholesome for itself that the misdemeanor should be scored with no sparing hand; and *The Springfield Republican*, and all others interested, may be assured that the day has gone by when *The Round Table*, either to occasion or to avoid "sensations," for prudential or any other consideration, will hesitate to apply the lash where, as in this case, it is richly deserved.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT is likely, along with many other important interests, to be sacrificed for the present session of Congress, by reason of the impeachment agitation. The joint committee on the Congressional Library have concluded, we understand, that it will at present be impossible to secure for the subject the attention it deserves, and so withhold action upon it.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY has in press *The Life of St. Columba, Apostle of Caledonia*, by the Count Montalembert; *Nellie Netterville*, a tale of the Cromwellian Wars in Ireland, by Miss Caddell; *Problems of the Age*, with essays of St. Augustine on kindred subjects, by the Rev. A. F. Hewitt; *The Story of a Sister*, a translation of *Le Recit d'une Sœur*; and a new illustrated series of books for a Sunday-school library, of which a set of twelve, put up in boxes, are now printing, and will be followed by others.

A QUESTION we put a few weeks ago, when speaking of Chinese printing, is thus answered by *The San Francisco News-Letter*:

"The Round Table asks whether the Chinese publications, issued in this city, are printed with the movable types cast by the London Missionary Society. So far as we know, there are no Chinese types in this city: the San Francisco publications in Chinese having been lithographed or printed from wooden blocks."

In that collection of pleasant stories entitled *Count Luanor*, whose composition enlivened the chivalric leisure of the Prince Don Juan Manuel, and which was reviewed in these columns two or three weeks ago, perhaps the pleasantest, and certainly the quaintest, is that which tells how Don Alvar Fañez won his wife and how implicitly she obeyed him. The most noticeable feature in it, however, is the curious resemblance it bears to a scene in *The Taming of the Shrew*, as the reader will see from the following passages:

"Alvar Fañez was a very good man, and was much honored. He colonized the village of Ysca, where he resided, together with Count Pero Anzur, who had with him three daughters.

"One day Don Alvar Fañez paid an unexpected visit to the Count, who, nevertheless, expressed himself much gratified, and, after they had dined together, desired to be informed the cause of his unexpected visit. Don Alvar Fañez replied that he came to demand one of his daughters in marriage, and requested permission to see the three ladies, that he might speak to each of them separately, when he would select the one he should desire in marriage. Now the Count, *feeling that God would bless his proposition*, agreed to it."

Thereupon Don Alvar presents his case to the eldest daughter, premising that he is old, enfeebled by wounds, and with a bad habit of getting drunk and kicking up an awful row, which, however, he very sincerely regrets when he gets sober. The young lady, not greatly dazzled by this alluring prospect, refers him to her pa, to whom in the meantime she imparts with much fervor her resolution rather to die than marry the good Don. The same result occurs with the second daughter; when Vascuiana, the youngest of course, "*thanking God very much that Don Alvar Fañez desired to marry her*," accepts him. Then Don Alvar in turn "thanks God very much that he had found a woman with such an understanding," and after this mutual thanksgiving they get married and live happily, Vascuiana, as a good wife should, thoroughly believing in her husband, and letting him have his own way always. In this state of affairs,

"It happened one day when Don Alvar Fañez was at home, there came to visit him a nephew of his who was attached to the king's household. After he had been in the house some days, he said to Don Alvar Fañez, 'You are a good and accomplished man, but there is one fault I find with you.' His uncle desired to know what it was. To which the nephew replied, 'It may be but a small fault, but it is this, you study your wife too much, and make her too great a mistress of you and your affairs.'

"As to that," Don Alvar Fañez replied, "I will give you an answer in a few days."

"After this, Don Alvar Fañez made a journey on horseback to a distant part of the country, taking with him his nephew, where he remained some time, and then sent for his wife, Vascuiana, to meet him on the road as he returned. When they had journeyed some time without conversing, Don Alvar Fañez being in advance, they chance to meet a large drove of cows, when Don Alvar said to his nephew, '*See what famous mares we have in this country!*'

"The nephew, on hearing this, was surprised, and thought he said it in jest, and asked him how he could say so when they were but cows. At this his uncle feigned to be quite astonished, saying, 'You are mistaken or have lost your wits, for they certainly are mares.' The nephew, seeing his uncle persist in what he had said, and that, too, with so much energy, became alarmed, and thought his uncle had lost his understanding. The dispute, however, continued in this manner until they met Doña Vascuiana, who was now seen on the road approaching them. No sooner did Don Alvar Fañez perceive his wife than he said to his nephew, 'Here is my wife, Vascuiana, who will be able to settle our dispute.'

"Now, when Doña Vascuiana heard this, although they appeared to

her to be cows, yet, as her husband had said to the contrary, and she knew that no one was better able than he to distinguish one from the other, and that he never erred, she, trusting entirely to his judgement, declared they were, beyond all doubt, mares, and not cows. 'It grieves me much, nephew,' continued Vascuiana, 'to hear you contest the point; and God knows, it is a great pity you have not better judgement, with all the advantages you have had in living in the king's household, where you have been so long, than not to be able to distinguish mares from cows.' She then began to show how, both in their color and form, and in many other points, *they were mares and not cows; and that what Don Alvar said was true*. And so strongly did she affirm this that not only her nephew, but those who were with them, began to think they were themselves mistaken.

"After this Don Alvar Fañez and his nephew proceeded. They had not, however, journeyed long before they saw a large drove of mares. 'Now these,' said Don Alvar Fañez, 'are cows, but those we have seen, which you call cows, were not so.'

"When the nephew heard this, he exclaimed, 'Uncle, for God's sake! if what you say be true, the devil has brought me to this country; for certainly, if these are cows, then have I lost my senses, for in all parts of the world these are mares and not cows.' But Don Alvar persisted that he was right in saying they were cows and not mares. And thus they argued until Vascuiana came up to them, when they related to her all that had passed between them.

"Now, although she thought her nephew right, yet, for the same reasons as before, she said so much in support of her husband, and that, too, with such apparent truth and inward conviction, that the nephew and those with the mares began to think that their sight and judgement erred and that what Don Alvar had said was true; and so the debate ended.

"Again Don Alvar and his nephew proceeded on their road homeward, and had proceeded a considerable distance when they arrived at a river on the banks of which were a number of mills. While their horses were drinking, Don Alvar remarked that *the river ran in the direction from which it flowed*, and that the mills received their water from a contrary point. When the nephew heard this he thought to a certainty he himself had lost his senses, for as he appeared to be wrong with respect to the mares and cows, so might he be in error here also, and the river might really run toward and not from its source. Nevertheless, he contended the point. When Vascuiana, on her arrival, found them again warmly disputing, she begged to know the cause. They then informed her; when, although, as before, it appeared to her that the nephew was right yet she could not be persuaded that her husband was wrong, and so again supported his opinion; and this time with so many good arguments, that the nephew and those present felt that they must have been in error. And it remains a proverb to this day that, 'If the husband affirms that the river runs up to its source, the good wife ought to believe it, and say that it is true.'

"Now, when the nephew heard all this, supposing that Don Alvar Fañez must be right, he began to feel very unhappy and to suspect that he was losing his senses."

until Don Alvar explains the reason and the nephew quaintly declares "himself much pleased" and acknowledges "that Don Alvar was not too considerate or loving." Now compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv., scene 5, *A Public Road*:

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's. Good Lord, how bright and godly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun? it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house: . . .

HOR. Say as he says or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say, it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then God be blessed, it is the blessed sun

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even thy mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

PET. (to VINCENTIO). Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? . . .

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

PET. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled by the sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green;

Now, I perceive, thou art a reverend father. . . .

The resemblance between the English dramatist and the Spanish story-teller is certainly odd, the more so because there is hardly any possibility that either was indebted to the other. Shakespeare's play was first printed in 1664, and founded on an older play at that, *The Taming of a Shrew*, while *El Conde Lucanor*, written in the fourteenth century, was not published till near the close of the sixteenth in the folio of Seville, 1575. Both writers seem to have drawn their materials from a common stock. Indeed, the story in one form or other was probably in vogue through all the languages of Europe. If we mistake not, there is a somewhat similar one among the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. What delver in the untrodden fields of literature will ferret out the curious original?

"UNITING," says the English half of the prospectus of *Le Monde Illustré*, "the features of a magazine, review, newspaper, and comic serial, it furnishes the foreigner with that variety indispensable to the acquisition of a language. To Americans learning French this publication is invaluable." This is strong language, certainly, and we cannot answer for its strict accuracy, especially considering the not extravagant price at which its proprietors value it; but what we are prepared to assert is that it is an admirably

illustrated, ably edited, and every way lively and enteraining journal. It would be worth while for an American to invest the subscription for the sake of being occasionally reminded that the art of wood engraving has not rested at that deplorable state where our native illustrated papers seem to have found and left it. Some of the wood-cuts in this French journal are marvels of delicacy, clearness, and softness compared with the pictorial monstrosities that weekly disfigure its American counterparts, and the worst of them is better than our best. Artistically as well as educationally speaking, it has many claims to cultivated support, and it is not the least of its merits "that no impure matter or advertisement is ever allowed in its columns, so that parents may give it to their children with all security." It seems designed to make it an international journal, but how far that will include the consideration of American subjects or the illustration of American events remains to be seen. The only evidences of such a course which the present number affords are a somewhat apocryphal story of Chinese autonomy in San Francisco, and a picture of that common diversion *Chassé à l'ours dans Broadway*, which represents a bland policeman with a flower-pot on his head (or is it a brigadier-general?) about to shoot a very fat and disgusted-looking animal, which, on the artist's word, we take to be a bear, but seems more like an exaggerated and overgrown spaniel. A crowd, consisting of two, is frantically fleeing from the enraged monster, which another equally numerous mob is leisurely pursuing, and the whole engraving is hideous enough to be of New York origin, except that it depicts portion of Broadway which a New Yorker could only have seen in dreams. But whether international in reality or only in name, *Le Monde Illustré* deserves encouragement and we hope will get it.

IT is due to *The Athenaeum* that we should state that, in a number received since ours of last week was published, it mentions having received a note from Dr. March, stating "that a large part of his *Walks and Homes of Jesus* was written before he read *The Holy Land*. Of course," it adds, "we accept the reverend gentleman's statement." This is all that might by any construction be taken for apology, and the remainder of the paragraph runs thus :

"The extracts which we gave in a recent number tell their own tale, and we leave any reader who may be interested in such matters to strike a fair balance between the two sets of evidence—those respectively supplied by the author and his volume."

Leaving him, also, without the evidence which at once clears Dr. March in a way no reader of *The Athenaeum* can suspect, and, as we intimated last week, leaves Mr. Dixon under the imputation his journal attempted to fix upon the Philadelphia clergyman.

THE Paris correspondent of *The Publisher's Circular* states that missions have been sent to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, to make historical, ethnological, and philological researches; to the site of Nicopolis, in Albania, to make antiquarian excavations; to the Cape Verd Islands, for investigations in natural history; and to Madagascar for geographical and anthropological studies. The fruits of these will be embodied in the next volume of the *Archives des Missions Scientifiques et Littéraires*. Several volumes are also in preparation as the result of recent scientific expeditions to Mexico and Central America, chiefly with reference to their zoölogy and archaeology.

IT is a very uncommon thing for a Prime Minister to write to a newspaper; yet one of the first acts of the new English Premier, Mr. Disraeli, has been that of writing a note to *The Times*. Readers will recollect that among the bitter things lately said of Mr. Disraeli by his political antagonists is that which imputes to him a shameless desertion of the life-long principle of his party for the sake of office. It has been declared that, with astonishing disregard of truth, Mr. Disraeli has claimed (in a recent speech in Edinburgh) that for seven years he has been educating the Tory party up to a willingness to make greater democratic concessions than their opponents. This "superb audacity," as *The Saturday Review* calls it, has been admired and despised with great prodigality, and on the 5th instant it was stigmatized by Earl Russell in the House of Lords. As Mr. Disraeli's communication to *The Times* denies this very important imputation, and as, beside being that unusual thing, the note of a premier to a newspaper, it is very short, we subjoin it:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

SIR: Lord Russell observed last night in the House of Lords that I boasted at Edinburgh that, while during seven years I opposed a reduction of the borough franchise, I had been all that time educating my party with the view of bringing about a much greater reduction of the franchise than that which my opponents had proposed."

As a general rule, I never notice misrepresentation of what I may have said; but, as this charge against me was made in an august assembly, and by a late first minister of the crown, I will not refrain from observing that the charge has no foundation. Nothing of the kind was said by me at Edinburgh.

I said there that the Tory party, after the failure of their bill of 1859, had been educated for seven years on the subject of Parliamentary reform, and during that interval had arrived at five conclusions, which, with their authority, I had at various times announced—viz.:

1. That the measure should be complete.
2. That the representation of no place should be entirely abrogated.
3. That there must be a real boundary commission.
4. That the county representation should be considerably increased.
5. That the borough franchise should be established on the principle of rating.

And that these five points were accomplished in the act of 1867.

This is what I said at Edinburgh, and it is true.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

B. DISRAELI.

Downing Street, March 6.

MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND, after thirty years' study of the writings in question, has published a "List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, Chronologically Arranged; with notes, descriptive, critical, and explanatory, and a selection of opinions regarding their genius and characteristics by distinguished contemporaries and friends, as well as by subsequent critics. Preceded by a review of, and extracts from, Barry Cornwall's *Memorials of Charles Lamb*; with a few words on William Hazlitt and his writings, and a chronological list of the works of Charles Lamb." Lamb, however, occupies little space in the book, for the reason, as its author explains, that his writings have been pretty thoroughly hunted up already; so about fifty pages are devoted to Hazlitt—on whom Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has recently written, as he is to do on the Lambs—and a hundred and fifty to Leigh Hunt. Hazlitt's first published works were on metaphysical problems, and now attract little attention; then, after an English grammar and other productions of little account, he reprinted, in 1817, under the title of *The Round Table*, his periodical writings together with some of Leigh Hunt's, most of them being taken from *The Examiner*. This collection *The Quarterly*, speaking as a high Tory, described as being made up of "vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, misty sophistry, broken English, ill-humor, and rancorous abuse." This continued to be Hazlitt's practice—to write, namely, hastily for newspapers and magazines, afterward recasting his thoughts into volumes which—to quote *The Examiner*, naturally the first journal to describe the work—"deserve, and perhaps will yet have, far more popularity than has yet attended them." For this neglect Mr. Ireland accounts thus:

"The fact is that Hazlitt's fierce and passionate political partisanship and uncompromising honesty of speech were the main causes why his powers as a critic of literature and art were not so universally recognized as they deserved. He made many enemies, and was the object of gross calumnies and vindictive aspersions on the part of the Tory reviewers of the day. The effect of this has been that now, nearly forty years after his death, justice has not been done to this profound and vigorous thinker."

Leigh Hunt's writings were much more profuse, and remain largely unexhumed, partly in *The Examiner*, partly in the numerous short-lived journals which it was one of his manias to "establish," and of which Mr. Ireland gives an account. Of *The Examiner*, we quote from that journal its founder's description as it was at the outset, thirty years before he wrote the following lines, whose date is now about thirty years old:

"It had little political ability in detail, no statistics, nothing that Cobbett, for instance, had, except purpose and greater courage. We may say so without immodesty, or even self-reference; for one of its proprietors (if it be not an egotism in a brother to say so) was a man of an heroic nature, prepared for any suffering, and proving it through sickness and trouble, by imprisonment on imprisonment, with tranquil readiness, for which he deserves well of his country. We never knew a fault in him but reserve, and a zeal for justice toward individuals so great as sometimes made him not quite mindful enough of the claims of those whom he thought opposed to them. As to ourselves, but half his courage (for, to give it no harsher term, which might be thought a vanity, we even had

a tendency to the luxurious and self-indulgent, which it required some excessive principle of friendship or *cosmopolitan* to overcome), we had great animal spirits, an extraordinary equipoise of sick feelings and healthy, or levity and gravity; and between us both *The Examiner*, by its combination of a love of literature with politics, and its undoubted honesty, introduced a regard for reform in quarters that otherwise would not have thought of it, and became the father of many a journalist of the present day, especially in the provinces. It was the Robin Hood of its cause, plunder excepted; and by the gayety of its daring, its love of the green places of poetry, and its sympathy with all who needed sympathy, produced many a brother champion that beat it at its own weapons. Hazlitt, in its pages, first made the public sensible of his great powers. There Keats and Shelley were first made known to the lovers of the beautiful. There Charles Lamb occasionally put forth a piece of criticism worth twenty of the editor's, though a value was found in those also."

MR. CHARLES DARWIN's new volumes on *The Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication*—which, we believe, is soon to be published here by Mr. Orange Judd—are the subject of a paragraph in the extremely readable London correspondence of *The Book Buyer*. In its preface, says the writer—whom we take to be Mr. Welford—Mr. Darwin furnishes an account of the circumstances during his visit to South America, as naturalist of the *Voyage of the Beagle*, that gave rise to his now famous "theory," and explains the mode in which he purposed to treat it. His general principles are found in his first or introductory work, *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection*. The variations produced in plants and animals, under the artificial influences of domestication by man, are the subject of the present work—one of similar extent with that of the variations found to exist in wild animals and plants in a state of nature. A third work will complete the *triology*, and sum up the question by an examination of how far the ascertained facts of those differences and variations are explicable, by the doctrine of natural selection and the struggle for existence resulting in the preservation of favored races, etc., and what light they throw on the rigid fixity of species, as assumed by naturalists. Mr. Darwin's ill-health, he adds, has retarded the appearance of the present volumes, and all lovers of truthful investigation will trust he may be equal to the labor of carrying out his grand design.

MR. W. C. HAZLITT has at last issued his *Bibliography of the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration in 1660*, which was retarded on account of the new and unique volumes recently found at Lampert Hall, that are now all included in a supplement, with other late additions to the previous knowledge on the subject. The book forms a solid and closely-printed octavo of 700 pages. The author asserts that in it "hundreds of unique or nearly unique volumes are for the first time set down and described, from personal examination of the originals." The next work we are promised by this industrious writer is the *Charles and Mary Lamb* to which we have referred before, and for whose preparation the MSS. and correspondence of his famous grandfather give him the advantage of much new material.

M. SAINTE CLAIRE DEVILLE, a distinguished French geologist, who went to the Azores last year at the head of

an expedition to investigate the geology and volcanic phenomena of those islands, will soon publish a work on the subject.

M. IVAN TURGENEV has just concluded a new tale, entitled *The Brigadier* and described as of a somewhat exciting and sensational nature. It has appeared in *The Intelligencer of Europe*, in Russian we suppose, and is to be published separately.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereof it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(39)—Does rotten ice sink? If not, what becomes of the ice in the North River? When the break-up at Albany was announced last week, many of us who are daily passengers on the New Jersey ferry-boats feared another blockade; but when not a cake of ice came down the river, the explanation generally accepted was that it had sunk. Now, the school-books insist that one of the most beautiful provisions of nature is the buoyancy of ice, as otherwise the lower strata of water, being of course colder than those at the surface, would gradually become congealed and thus rivers would be a solid mass, many of them perhaps never thawing. No one whom I have met, who accounts for the disappearance of the ice by its supposed sinking, has ever seen it do so. On the other hand, how else can it disappear? Such masses as were accumulated at Albany and the upper waters of the Hudson certainly could not have melted before reaching New York.

A JERSEYMAN.

ORANGE, N. J., March 20.

(40)—Some eight or nine years ago a poem called *The Ballad of Captain Davis* was published in some of the papers here in the West. It was, I believe, by Fred. Cozzens, and was the relation of an adventure with bandits of Captain Davis, Dr. Sparks, and another person, who were on an exploring expedition in the mining districts of California. If you or any of the readers of your *Notes and Queries* can tell me where I can find a copy of it, you will very much oblige

QUERE.

CINCINNATI, March 16, 1868.

(35)—The best complete English translation of the Talmud is that by Barnardine Humphreys, a connection of the well-known Duke of that name, in two vols. folio, octavo, published, I think, by Oatis & Co. It is a little scarce, but probably can be procured at a small expense by almost any intelligent dealer. It might be worth while for "O." to try, at any rate.

(36)—Will you allow us to say, in reply to the query of your correspondent "O.," that we do issue an edition of Webster's *Unabridged* in two vols. quarto, to meet the want there expressed, and also a condensed work, the *National Pictorial*, in one vol., 1,040 pages 8vo. The greater convenience and diminished expense of retaining a book of reference in one volume, if possible, are obvious considerations for such a course.

G. & C. MERRIAM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

(37)—The lines which "O." enquires about, and which are these,

"How far you little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"

are attributed to an Italian poetess, or rather improvisatore, named Portia, who lived about 1600. Some of her poems were translated into English by Divine Williams, as he was called, a playwright of the seventeenth century. His name occurs in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and Pope mentions him somewhere, but his works are not easily procured and he seems to be pretty much forgotten nowadays.

BIBLIOPHILE.

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A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE OILS, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its Washing properties unrivaled. For sale by all Druggists.

THE WEEK

CONTAINS THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST JOURNALS IN THE WORLD.

OPINIONS OF THE SECULAR PRESS.

The Week is a gazette devoted to the best siftings of the American press during the seven days preceding its publication. We waited to see if it properly bolted the chaff and selected the best flour before having our say. If it continues as discriminating as it has been, *The Week* may be called a press mirror.—*The Leader, New York*.

The compilation is truly, as its sub-caption announces, "a reflex of home and foreign opinion." The selections are made with discrimination, and we need not add, the journal is printed with taste.—*The Commonwealth, Boston*.

A comprehensive view of public opinion in our own country and abroad with a due admixture of science, fun, and gossip. Its pages are full of entertainment, and it is printed in beautiful style.—*The Sun, New York*.

The extracts exhibit the opinions of leading writers of all parties, political, religious, and social; and the paper will prove interesting to a considerable part of the public.—*The (N. Y.) Evening Post*.

If that ubiquitous and unreasonable creature—the general reader—welcomes this new journal as warmly as the journalism is impelled by self-interest to do, its greeting will be a cheery one. No bias is manifest in the selection of its contents.—*The (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser*.

Has fully vindicated its fitness to supply the need the existence of which its establishment may be said to have revealed. As we glance over its pages, and find gathered for our convenience the best utterances of all the journals, representing both sides of the questions in agitation, and saving us at once the trouble of reading a great many newspapers and the lamentable ignorance resulting from not reading them, we feel that this is the thing we wanted when we knew not what we wanted.—*The American Journal of Mining, New York*.

One of the best of our exchanges is a new periodical recently started in New York, and published every Saturday, called *The Week*, a reflex of home and foreign opinion. Its design, like that of the London *Public Opinion*, is to give selections from the contemporary press in an impartial spirit, and to add occasionally a kind of judicial summary of the varying phases of public sentiment.—*The Daily News, Montreal*.

Selected with care by those who understand their business, and the articles are from every possible quarter and upon every conceivable subject.—*The Californian, San Francisco*.

Is destined to attain popularity among all persons desirous of keeping posted in respect to the views of leading organs of public sentiment.—*The Whig, Richmond, Virginia*.

A journal full of many-sided information, and worthy of being filed and finally bound in volumes, for which its convenient size and form well adapt it.—*The Press, Philadelphia*.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:



Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albeta or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

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